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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE five European members of the Hunter Committee on the disorders in the Punjab have issued a whitewashing Report, based purely on the official evidence which was submitted to them, painting the Government of the Punjab, and even the administration of martial law, white, and adding a faint touch of grey to their pictures of General Dyer and Colonel Johnson. The methods of examination employed in this inhuman document have been twofold. They excuse some of the worst examples of military tyranny, and half-censure the rest. They select two acts of General Dyer at the Jallianwala Bagh as "open to criticism," (1) his firing without giving a chance to the people to disperse, and (2) his firing after the crowd had begun to scatter. They append a hesitating censure to "fancy punishments," such as the crawling order, and the most humiliating of the salaaming orders, and they disapprove of too much flogging. But, in general, they defend the use of martial law for preventive and punitive purposes, the use of aeroplanes and their particular "advantage" to India, and the use of machine-guns against bodies of Indian villagers "observed" from the air. They also propose a code for the regulation of attacks by aeroplane. The three Indian members, while agreeing with the Majority on some points of fact, declare that the conduct of General Dyer was inhuman and un-British, severely censure the administration and long continuance of martial law, and reject the Majority's theory that the riots amounted to "rebellion."

HAVING to choose between these two Reports, Mr. Montagu, with a decided and impressive gesture, has taken his stand by the Minority and has induced the Cabinet to join him in stern disavowal of the method and spirit of the Punjab Government. The Secretary of State, in a momentous despatch, declares that General Dyer's action was a "complete violation" of the principle of the minimum use of

military force, censures his inhumanity in neglecting the wounded as they lay in the Jallianwala Bagh, and describes his crawling order as an offence against "every canon of civilized government." The despatch offers a formal compliment to Sir Michael O'Dwyer, but condemns a spirit calculated not only to humiliate Indians as a race but to flout civilized standards, and regrets that the Majority of the Committee failed to mark these "not uncommon" examples of the temper of martial law in the Punjab. For the future, Mr. Montagu points to an abandonment of the fatal Ordinance IV., of 1919, and to a strict regulation of the use of bombing aeroplanes. But regulation is not enough. Indian opinion will never permit a second recourse to indiscriminate firing from the air. As for General Dyer, he has been dismissed from the army, and his case has been referred to the Army Council, which, we presume, will at once order a court-martial. The lesson has been an exemplary one, but Mr. Montagu has saved British India.

THE arrival of Mr. Krassin in London can only mean that the Government, or half of it, is in effect negotiating peace with Russia. After Lenin and Trotsky he is probably the greatest personal force in Russia, and it is absurd to pretend that he has come solely in order to clear up some routine business in the co-operative office. Though he has belonged from his student days to the extreme revolutionary party, and had suffered for his opinions under Tsardom, he was even better known to the world as a brilliant engineer with a capacity for organization very rare among Orthodox Russians. He has been the leader and inspirer of all the recent constructive developments, and his ambition is to show that in spite of the terrible handicap with which it starts, a Socialist State can recover more quickly than its capitalist neighbors. We are glad to see any *rapprochement* between Russia and half the British Government, but we remain sceptical of any good result until Mr. Lloyd George finds the courage to vindicate his own Russian policy by stopping Mr. Churchill's, and dismissing its author. Peace in Downing Street is the first condition of peace with Moscow.

MEANWHILE, Mr. Churchill is obviously not the only Ministerialist dead against Mr. George's policy. So to all appearance is Lord Curzon. A public statement drawn up by the Supreme Economic Council, in accordance with the instructions given it at San Remo, to the effect that all restrictions on trade with Russia, except as regards certain Black Sea ports, had been removed, was promptly sat on by the Foreign Office, and has never been issued to this day, though some French papers and at least one Italian have made reference to it. But the prospect is that this time the Prime Minister will have his way. The real deciding factor is Signor Nitti. The Supreme Council consists of three men, and if two of them are at one on a particular question they are in a strong position. With the Italian Prime Minister once more in power the outlook for the Lloyd George-Nitti policy on Russia is still open.

A WELL-INFORMED correspondent writes as follows on the whole subject:—

"M. Krassin's presence in this country is the response of Russia to the invitation decided on by the Supreme Council at San Remo. The fact that he has come to London without Litvinoff, who might have allied himself with Lord Curzon in the attempt to bring the whole movement towards closer relations with Russia to nothing, is evidence of the good faith, as well as the good sense, of the Soviet Government. If they had wanted to make factitious difficulties, or stand on their dignity in the matter of the Litvinoff ban, they had only to take advantage of the opportunity the Supreme Council, by the censorious moralism of its San Remo note, was studious to offer. As it is they have not made difficulties, and M. Krassin's arrival, as the anti-Russian forces here are beginning to realize, means much more than appears. Nominally, of course, the Commissary for Trade and Transport comes primarily to discuss the development of trade relations with the Russian Co-operative Societies, but seeing that these societies have been taken over wholesale by the Soviet Government, and seeing, further, that the three Premiers decided at San Remo to authorize not merely trade with the co-operators but trade generally, it can be assumed that there will be no *à priori* limitation to the London discussions. So far as the immediate question of trade is concerned, the Allies are represented by the Permanent Committee of the Supreme Economic Council, consisting of Mr. E. F. Wise, M. Avenol, and Signor Giannini."

THE Russian armies continue to advance on the northern and central sectors of the Polish front, though no longer at the rate of the first hot onset. The intention evidently is to recover Minsk, and the provinces of which it was the capital, and Vilna. The former is really Russian country (for "White Russian" is a mere dialect of Great Russian, and the people have no separate history, national consciousness or literature), while Vilna would presumably be restored to the friendly Lithuanians as their capital. We doubt, however, whether the Russian offensive in this direction can yield a decision. The Northern front is divided from the Southern by the broad, impassable belt of the Pripet marshes, so that there is really no organic unity between the two fronts. The Bolsheviks may be wise not to hurry unduly, for Polish rule in the Ukraine, meaning as it will the return of the detested Polish landed nobility, is certain to provoke a revolt: indeed it is said that the Poles have already had to disarm Petliura's troops in Kiev.

THE utmost use has been made, as was only natural, by the Northcliffe papers of the Russian descent upon Persia, in order to discredit any policy of peace with Moscow. The facts seem to be that the Red Admiral of the Caspian Sea appeared off the Persian port of Enzeli, fired a shot or two, landed troops, and demanded the surrender of Denikin's navy and transports, which had been "interned" in this port. The small British garrison evacuated the town quietly and promptly, and has been in no sort of danger. As we read the news, the Reds wanted chiefly to get these ships and the stores they contain, and to assure their own naval control of the Caspian. The notion that they want to march down to the English oil-field on the Persian Gulf is too silly for serious discussion, though it made good "scare" contents bills. Neither do we imagine that the Bolsheviks aimed primarily at dealing a blow to us. But if they did, who could wonder? Are we to land in their ports, shell their coasts, and subsidize and arm their foes, and still be immune from all retaliation? And after all, by what right do we keep troops in Persian territory? To be sure the Red Army has violated Persian neutrality. We have done that for the last three years.

THE Allied reply to this Red descent on Persia, or possibly to the earlier "Red" revolution in Baku, has been to strengthen the garrison at Batoum. This port is in Georgian territory, and interesting mainly because it controls the pipe-line to the oil-field of Baku. But why occupy it? To promote the export of oil, or to stop it? Little oil has been produced for some years, and there will be none to spare for export for some years to come. This field always was used mainly to supply the internal needs of Russia, and only about one-twelfth of the pre-war yield was ever exported, and that mainly to the Levant. What then are we going to do at Batoum? To march inland into these mountains and occupy the oil-wells, in order to deprive Russia of light and fuel next winter? Possibly, even probably. Half the Government will arrange with M. Krassin to trade, while the other half cuts off his oil. But the force which has gone to Batoum is French, whereas the original garrison was British. Is this a demonstration of harmony, or are the two garrisons sent to watch each other? Some may incline to another guess. When Mr. Lloyd George induced the French to give him three-fourths of the Mosul oil-field, did he authorize them in return to take the oil of Baku?

PRESIDENT WILSON has accepted the invitation of the Allied Premiers in San Remo to "arbitrate" on the frontiers of Armenia. So much, apparently he may do without consulting Congress. The further invitation to accept a mandate for Armenia requires its assent, however. Mr. Wilson has now sent a message to the Senate, in which he argues that various "providential" circumstances, especially a recent resolution by the Senate of an academic kind wishing well to Armenia, point to its acceptance. The Senate, by all accounts, is not at all likely to be moved by this appeal, and Democrats are almost as unanimously opposed to it as Republicans. The "mandate" proposal will either be shelved or refused. What, meanwhile, will happen, if Mr. Wilson proceeds to draw the boundaries of Armenia? He must include a good deal of Turkish territory, even if he is very conservative. He is then, one would suppose, morally bound to send American troops to expel the Turks. Once more of course the Senate will say, No. The game invented at San Remo bears all the marks of Mr. Lloyd George's conception of humor. It makes Mr. Wilson rather ridiculous, and it serves Mr. George as an excuse for doing nothing to save the Armenians. We have no troops to waste on them, with so much oil to be protected. A revolting comedy, which a strong man, if the Opposition had one, would relentlessly expose in Parliament and the country.

AT a distance of ten days only from the assembly of the Republican delegates in Chicago, the Presidential campaign is altogether obscure. The Convention will undoubtedly witness a great fight between the party machine, which is controlled by the bosses of the Eastern States, and the interests represented by the Middle and Further West. Stated in its barest terms, the situation is as follows. General Leonard Wood, a Conservative and an Eastern, is the choice of the bosses. He will have a larger body of pledged delegates than any other candidate; many from the North, and almost a solid block from the fourteen Southern States. But this does not mean that he is assured of the nomination. The hero of the Western primaries is Senator Johnson of California, who is detested by the machine. His strength lies in Western Progressivism and in the widely distributed feeling for complete isolation from Europe. There is no third candidate who approaches the position

of these two; but a deadlock between East and West being almost unavoidable, one of the lesser candidates may get his chance. It cannot be Dr. Butler of Columbia University or Governor Coolidge of Massachusetts. It could be Lowden of Illinois, or some other Middle-Westerner. If Mr. Hoover had in the Convention an inspired advocate and a company of resolute evangelists, they might conceivably work the miracle for him.

* * *

CARRANZA has been killed, apparently by order of General Herrera, one of Obregon's lieutenants, who confessed a special grudge against the ex-President. It would seem that Obregon had no wish to see Carranza murdered, for it is stated that he threatens Herrera with court-martial. The Mexican Congress has, by a most decisive vote, given General Adolfo Huerta the authority of President *ad interim*. He is a man in the prime of life, very different in training and experience from those who have been instrumental in raising him to the headship of the Government. It will be a remarkable thing if President Huerta should succeed in so starting his Government as to escape attack from his defeated competitor Gonzales, who betrayed Carranza, and from the Ishmaelite Francisco Villa, who has been professing constitutional penitence and amends. Probably Obregon and Huerta will favor the holding of the elections a month hence. What, in view of these developments, the Jingo-interventionists in the United States are deciding to do is a matter of very great interest to Europe as to the American continent.

* * *

It seems that M. Poincaré's resignation from the Reparation Commission was the first move in what seems to be a formidable move against M. Millerand by the more reactionary and militarist half of the French Senate. We are accustomed to think of M. Millerand as a stiff and obstinate man, who is standing out for every ounce of his pound of German flesh. To M. Poincaré's admirers, on the other hand, he appears as a man of compromises, who has yielded everything to the blandishments of Mr. Lloyd George. His chief crime is that he has consented to fix any lump sum whatever, however high, for the German indemnity. Germany, argues this school, will recover, and then we shall realize too late that we have accepted a mere fraction of what we might have exacted. Also he is thought to be lukewarm in the strategy of securing the whole Left Bank of the Rhine as a pledge for the non-payment of the indemnity. M. Millerand has tried to placate this group by an ultra-reactionary policy at home. Will they accept the threatened dissolution of the "C.G.T." and the destruction of French Trade Unionism as a *quid pro quo* for the fixing of the indemnity? Apparently not. There may be a decision of some interest between the two schools in Parliament.

* * *

To our thinking this debate between various schools of tribute-takers has only an academic interest. No figure, which any French Premier dare accept in the present state of French opinion, can come anywhere near the possibilities. The capital sum mentioned is 120,000 or 125,000 millions of gold marks (£6,000,000,000). We pointed out last week that much turns on whether this is with interest or without. Herr Dernburg, who was a banker before he was a Minister, reckons in an article quoted by the "Manchester Guardian" that this means, if with interest, thirty annual payments of 18,000 million gold marks (£900,000,000); or if without interest, then thirty annual payments of 4,000 million gold marks

(£200,000,000). He dismisses either sum as fantastic. The former sum would mean multiplying the present German budget by seven, and even the latter sum would mean doubling it. We find this argument convincing, for no very much higher level of taxation in Germany is conceivable. Mr. A. G. Gardiner reminds us that it already goes up to 80 per cent. on the higher incomes. You might go perhaps up to 90 per cent., but still you would not double the revenue. The only course would be to go on printing money, until the mark fell below the Austrian crown, and even that would not help. On such a prospect no international loan can be raised, unless we guarantee it. In plain words the Hythe plan is to add the German indemnity to our own war-debt.

* * *

THE new Rent Bill is a very indefinite measure. A limit to increases is specified, but the landlord is given the power to charge as much as he can get if the tenant is ignorant and can be frightened into paying. If the Bill were designed to allay the present unrest and to stop profiteering it would name a figure and impose penalties if that figure were exceeded. Twenty-five per cent. increase is allowed if the house is in a reasonable state of repair. Now, what is a reasonable state of repair? Who can define it? It will probably be left to the Sanitary Authority whose views upon the subject will be colored by the composition of his local council. The security for the tenant is just as indefinite. An insecure security combined with the landlord's power to demand any rent he chooses if the tenant will pay offers a wide loophole.

* * *

THE Bill is said to protect a tenant against ejection, but when the list of exceptions is carefully considered, one wonders if any tenant will be able to escape it. If a new speculator in house property wants his neighbor's house, and the judge is satisfied that "reasonably equivalent" accommodation is available for the tenant, the speculator wins. And what is reasonably equivalent accommodation? "Equivalent" is a definite term, but "reasonably equivalent" may mean anything but equivalent. A "reasonably equivalent" number of rooms, which is two (according to Mr. Justice Darling) to pack a tenant and his family in, no matter where, is about all he can expect from this Bill. The tenant is to have no choice. He is a suppliant at the mercy of the Court, to be put into the street if he does not accept what is offered. To be a tenant is almost a crime according to this Bill. As landlords are not forced to let houses that become vacant during the next three years, it is a Bill to encourage the extinction of tenants.

* * *

WITHOUT some such provision, there will never be any houses to let again. All the new ones are for sale. Local authorities have followed suit and are selling instead of letting, and the old ones in which tenants reside are being sold over their heads. No measure is of any use unless the profiteer is prevented from worrying the tenant out of the house. If he fails in the Courts he resorts to frightfulness by taking the law into his own hands and forcibly ejecting the tenant. Cutting off gas and electric light is a common form of persecution. During the year about half-a-million of decent citizens, fathers and mothers of families, have been dragged through the Courts because they were not wanted as tenants. In whose interest does the Government permit this scandal to go on? It is not in the interest of the nation, or of the tenant who wants to settle down and get to work in earnest.

Politics and Affairs.

MR. MONTAGU'S GESTURE.

WERE it not for the despatch of Mr. Montagu we should regard the Report of the British Majority of the Hunter Committee on the disorders in the Punjab as an almost irretrievable disaster to the Empire. Even as it stands, under the Secretary of State's vigorous repudiation, we shall be gravely in fault if we minimize its evil effect. Not the least part of that misfortune is the fact that the five European members are joined together in one view of the action of the Punjab Government in April, 1919, while the three Indian members unite in presenting a widely different conclusion. But if the Government of India and the public opinion of that country are thus made to appear before the world in an attitude of antagonism, the blame does not, in our opinion, rest on the Indian members. The acts of certain British soldiers and officials in the Punjab were inhuman, excessive, and cruel. Those of General Dyer were of such a character that we can only rejoice that the British Army has at last been purged of their author. But it is the essential character and aim of the administration of martial law which has caused this division between the King's Government in the Punjab and its Indian subjects. To those who bring an open mind to the reading of the essential documents in the case, the two Reports of the Hunter Committee, the Report and evidence submitted by the Sub-Committee of the Indian National Congress, and the Memorandum of the Punjab Government, it is evident that in the minds of these officers and civil servants martial law appeared, not as a weapon of necessity, in the presence of grave disorder, but as a means of terrifying and humiliating the people of India. A mob had committed certain brutal and outrageous acts against Europeans. They were limited in number—five British being killed, and a British lady maltreated—and they were offences of passion rather than of premeditation. The official retort was to establish order, not merely by drastic dealing with homicidal crowds or a deliberate search for the offenders, but by a general reign of terror. For that purpose Amritsar was treated much as a Roman General would have treated a conquered or a revolted city of Parthia or Greece. All classes of the population, gentle and simple, young and old, presumably guilty or obviously innocent of taking part in the disorders, were dealt with under a common rule of arrests (combined with torture by the police), curfew orders, compulsory salaams to Europeans, compulsory parades, inhibitions on travel, and other regulations designed to impress on Indians the sacro-sanctity of English men and women. This is the view of Indian government over which the report of the majority deliberately throws a shield.

Now as the clearest affirmation of this purpose appears in the case of General Dyer and his treatment of the town of Amritsar, we may take Lord Hunter's verdict on Dyerism as fairly conclusive of his general attitude to our rule in India. The report of the majority regards General Dyer's conduct as "open to criticism." But it has no word of moral censure for the psychology of an act which destroyed (at the lowest computation) nearly 400* unarmed human beings,

and maimed some 1,200 more, and its direct relation to the purpose of Sir Michael O'Dwyer and his assistants in the Government of the Punjab. General Dyer did not fire to disperse a dangerous mob. He expressly disavowed any such intention. General Dyer was acting not militarily so much as politically. He fired to "reduce the morale" of the disaffected people of the Punjab. For that purpose he was quite prepared to kill all the 10,000 or 15,000 people, including some children, collected in the Jallianwala Bagh. "*I had made up my mind*," he says, "*that I would do all men to death if they were going to continue the meeting*." General Dyer's mentality may be dismissed as a monster of the military mind, such as all ages and all countries produce. The point is that it was by no means singular among the soldiers and civil governors of the Punjab. It was inherent in the action of Colonel Johnson, Major Carberry, and Mr. Bosworth Smith, in the conduct of the police, in the approval of Sir Michael O'Dwyer, and in the supporting action of Lord Chelmsford. It was open to the European majority of the Hunter Committee to disavow this use of military law as an instrument not of State necessity but of the super-eminence of an Olympian caste. Half a dozen sentences in the report of the majority would have sufficed to disavow the conception of our rule in India as a Conquest, and have stamped on the massacre of Amritsar the character that civilised opinion has affixed to the German disgrace of Louvain and Dinant. Those words were not spoken.

We are anxious to do Lord Hunter and his colleagues any kind of justice that may be due to them; and therefore we hasten to say that if the readers of the majority report will be at the trouble of collecting a number of timid, colorless, fugitive, and self-contradictory phrases, they can assemble a sort of a kind of a condemnation of a very few of the worst acts of the authorities in the Punjab. They thought, for example, that General Dyer should have ordered the crowd to disperse before he started exterminating it; they consider he committed an error, even a "grave error," in firing "so long" on the wounded, trapped, and panic-stricken throng. They did not agree with Sir Michael O'Dwyer that he had saved India from a second Mutiny. They think that there was too much flogging and compulsory salaaming, and that when we whip Indians, we should do it in decent privacy. Though they quite approve of raking villages and dispersing crowds of our Indian fellow-subjects with bombs and machine-gun fire, and expressly sanction the use of aeroplanes to put down civil disorders—a matter of which more will be heard in England as well as in India—they by no means countenance "offensive action" by aeroplanes. They think General Dyer's "crawling order" "injudicious," and they would not have harassed and tortured some hundreds of Indian schoolboys for the possible offence of one of them. But we take leave to say of these hinted half-censures that they amount to nothing as a moral or a political verdict. We cannot claim moral sensitiveness for a body of British gentlemen who can absolve General Dyer from the guilt (which no decent soldier would incur at the cost of a wounded enemy) of leaving hundreds of stricken people on the ground of the Jallianwala Bagh without an attempt to provide medical aid. And we maintain that the use of inadequate and half-excusing words to describe actions that revolt humanity is in itself a reprehensible act. Are these Indians of the same flesh and blood with ourselves? Do we govern them to gratify our pride of race and to sate our revenge when that pride is hurt,

* The report of the Sub-Committee of the Indian National Congress, which alone heard native evidence, places the number of deaths at 1,000, but we think this must be an exaggeration. If it is, the Government of the Punjab is largely to blame, for two months elapsed before it took the trouble to ascertain the number of deaths and injuries in the Jallianwala Bagh. This conduct appears to have given no concern to the majority of the Hunter Committee.

or for their own good? There is not a sign in the majority report that the idea of service has penetrated the minds either of the governors of the Punjab or of their official critics. On the contrary, there are many tokens that in the face of the provocation of the riots they have lost even the notion of benevolent mastership. So far as our reading of the majority report informs us, we cannot find a single instance in which the practice of firing on a crowd, after the briefest warning, is not strongly supported. In one case an official is censured for firing in the air. Yet the shocking murders of Europeans in Amritsar were preceded by deadly firing; while in other provinces, where similar disorders occurred, both the resort to martial law and the excessive rigors of the Dyers and Johnsons were avoided. Since when was Prussianism the only means of a British administrator with half a dozen disorderly mobs to cope with? The case of the majority was that the Punjab was reeking with sedition. They discover a rebellion, as they admit, in the absence of any organization or "antecedent conspiracy," or of the distribution of arms among the rebels. It seems to us that Mr. Reginald Nevill was nearer the mark in suggesting that Sir Michael O'Dwyer's reading of sedition "is best expressed by the German word *Beamts-beleidigung*, the offence of offending the official."*

The opportunity lost by the majority report of the Hunter Committee has, at the last hour, been recovered by Mr. Montagu. He of all men must know that the source of all the trouble in the Punjab was political, but not revolutionary, and therefore in no way a menace to the British *raj*. There was no rebellion, other than in the sense understood by pedantic lawyers and frightened officials. But there was a universal movement against the Rowlatt Act. Moderate and advanced India united in protest against a measure which in a period of reforms put political India under surveillance. India saw her leaders under the rule of "no appeal, no argument, no pleader" which it prescribed, and from that moment she has known no rest. The sequence of events was perfectly simple. The Rowlatt Act led to Mr. Gandhi's movement of Satyagraha, or passive disobedience, and to the *hartal*, or closing of shops; Satyagraha led to Mr. Gandhi's exclusion from the Punjab; that event, and the deportation of Drs. Kitchlew and Satyapal, produced the riots in Amritsar; and the flame in Amritsar kindled other centres in the Punjab. But if the Rowlatt Act substituted a kind of administrative law for the protection of the open courts, it was by no means the Indian Government's last word in the suppression of liberty. The disturbances in the Punjab have given birth to an Ordinance under which the Governor-General on his sole authority may in a time of emergency set up a tribunal competent to try any Indian for any offence, even though it may have been committed before the tribunal was set up, or the Ordinance promulgated. During the Punjab troubles India has seen thousands of her citizens shot down, arrested, humiliated, and even tortured, imprisoned for long periods without charge, or sentenced after mock trials† by military courts. All or most of this action was covered by the Indemnity Act and glossed over by

Lord Hunter and his colleagues. But Ordinance IV. hangs a far heavier weight than Dyerism over the reform movement in India, for it makes the Viceroy master of all the legislatures that Mr. Montagu has set up, and of all the Indians who may sit upon them. If the Privy Council has rightly interpreted the Government of India Act, there is no political liberty in India that may not be signed away with a stroke of the Viceroy's pen. Putting the Ordinance by the side of the Hunter report with its Imperialistic tone and spirit, the Indian must feel himself almost a stranger in his own land. Only an immense moral effort can undo this impression, fatal as it is to the British Government of India. That effort Mr. Montagu has made. His despatch does, we hope, signify that the Ordinance IV. is buried, and will not be revived. It also offers India a true moral satisfaction for the outrage she has sustained. Mr. Montagu denounces and repudiates the policy of humiliation. In declaring the Crawling Order to be an offence to "every canon of civilized government," and in procuring General Dyer's dismissal from the Army, he has made an Anglo-Indian reconciliation a possible, and, we hope, an early and an inevitable event. But it has been a narrow escape.

THE INTELLECTUAL BLOCKADE.

THE statement was made this week by Mr. A. G. Gardiner, in one of his letters from Berlin, that no correspondent of any German newspaper has yet secured a passport for London. One such passport was, it seems, granted, and then immediately cancelled. How many have been refused is not stated. We hesitate to assume that the Foreign Office has really broken the undertaking which it gave to the House of Commons, some months ago, when it promised to grant passports for London to any reputable German journalist. It is possible that few, if any, German newspapers have been able to face the cost of keeping a correspondent in London. With the mark at one-tenth of its nominal value, he would require the salary of a millionaire, if he were to live in England and pay for his telegrams in sterling. But whether it is that no German journalists can face the cost or that none of them can obtain a passport, the fact remains that none of them are here. A year and a half has passed since the war ended, in fact if not in law, and the intellectual blockade is hardly mitigated.

One has only to glance at German newspapers to realize what it means. Save for a few lines of the baldest and briefest telegraphic service imaginable, supplied by the official agency, they contain no foreign news whatever. Some of them translate or summarize articles from the English or French Press, but none of them as yet contain so much as a newsletter or a contributed article from any Allied capital. This isolation has now lasted for six years, and it is likely to continue as long as the exchange remains at its present level. It may be aggravated, as Mr. Gardiner thinks, by official obstruction on our side, but it is mainly due to economic causes which will operate for many a long year to come. What is true of journalism is equally true in every branch of intellectual life. The cost of books, for example, published in the Allied countries is prohibitive, and we should not be surprised to hear that more English books

*Lecture at the National Liberal Club.

†That is not too strong a word to use in face of the exclusion of outside advocates and the fact that out of the 765 sentences of transportation inflicted by the Martial Law Commissioners in the Punjab, only three were maintained.—See the Minority Report of the Hunter Committee.

and periodicals reached Germany through roundabout neutral channels during the war than since the catastrophe. Austria, with a still lower exchange and even less ability to spend, is in a still worse case, and there is little to choose between the isolation of "enemy" Austria and "allied" Poland. The whole movement of ideas in the West, whether in literature, science, economics, or politics, remains totally unknown. We happened during a recent visit to Poland to remark that no one appeared to be interested in the League of Nations. "But we know nothing about it," was the answer. "You forget that we have been blockaded." So, too, in Germany. The League to be sure was well understood there, but the more alert politicians of the Left were curious to hear something about the English conception of Guild Socialism. The name had reached them, but not one of the many books and pamphlets which describe it. Of our whole movement of thought this big half of Europe, normally the more curious and receptive half, knew as much as we usually know of currents of thought in Japan.

Russia is in a much more serious case. During the war she had intercourse with the outer world only through the Arctic ports and Vladivostok up till the Bolshevik revolution. Little save munitions entered these remote and congested ports. The Baltic and Black Sea were closed. In effect Russia has been blockaded, first by the enemy and then by the Allies, since the summer of 1914. It is roughly true that *no books worth mentioning have reached her since 1916 at the latest*. A traveller recently arrived described to us the sense of intellectual isolation. Not even the Government possessed the full text of the Peace Treaties. Geographers tried to guess from wireless telegrams how the map of Europe has been redrawn. Worse still was the scientific destitution. A noted physicist is writing a book, but he knows nothing of what has been done in the West during the last four years. Rumors of Einstein's startling theory of relativity had reached him, but he could procure no copy of any account of it. The Universities and the learned Societies work as best they may, not without generous encouragement from the Soviet Government, but the shelves of their libraries are empty of any recent books or periodicals. Neither of German nor of Western science can they procure any information.

The war has flung us back upon conditions that resemble nothing in the range of modern history. There was no such isolation as this even during the long Napoleonic wars. Communications were slow during the seventeenth century, and learned men relied mainly on personal letters to exchange ideas, but, however slowly, they were effected. These conditions mean an inconceivable retrogression, and the consequences in the long run will be as serious for us as for the rest of Europe. Six years ago there existed an intellectual internationalism. Learned men came and went freely across frontiers, and met in scientific congresses. Every discovery was instantly debated from one end of Europe to the other, and in books there was free trade. A whole army of critics, feuilletonists, popularizers, and translators lived by carrying on the exchange of ideas in literature, science, politics, and art. The work of our painters found its way to Central European galleries and exhibitions. In music the classical Viennese idiom was more familiar to us than any other, and it was the commonplace of our daily life that German, Austrian, and Russian executants and singers were as much at home with us as in their own countries. Save for the obstacle of language (some might call it a stimulus)

frontiers had disappeared for science, literature, and the arts. The whole Continent was an intellectual unit, and a thousand various stimuli made our mental atmosphere. We may not be aware of the impoverishment which we are suffering, and at the worst it is trifling in comparison with what Central Europe and Russia endure. If it continues, however, it must end by making the intellectual life of all Europe more parochial than it was in the days before steam and electricity. We shall end by thinking in longitudes and talking in dialects.

For this peril to civilization the only cure worth mentioning in the long run is the restoration of the Continent's economic life. Passports may be to-day a difficulty. The brainless vindictiveness of some of the older scientific men, who will not renew relations with "enemies," is a scandal to science itself. The blockade of Russia can hardly endure much longer, in spite of all the resources of official untruthfulness. But when all these artificial restrictions give way, the main cause, the abysmal poverty which war and civil war and the blockade have brought about, will still work to check intercourse. The facts which underlie this misery are beginning to tell on the intellectual life of the Continent itself. In the struggle for bread, science and even education are becoming unattainable luxuries. In German Austria, for example, all the Girls' High Schools are closing down; there is no longer a middle-class which can afford to maintain them. In Russia it is said that owing to the difficulties of transport and fuel, the paper shortage is so acute that few books of any kind are published, and no scientific book has appeared for two years. Such facts as these go to show how precarious is the survival of our civilization. A few more years of such conditions would bring the Continent, if not to barbarism, at least to the cultural level of village life. Coal, grain, and oil figure prominently in the current arguments for the restoration of the Continent. There is more at stake than daily bread. Unless we can recall the lost international mind, and bring ourselves to a perception of the fact that the whole future of the human intellect, the progress or the retrogression of our race itself are at stake, our children may read in their history books of a decline of civilization comparable only to the events of the Dark Ages.

To speak of little remedies may seem like trifling. As long as Europe is dominated by a military alliance, as long as statesmen are busied in the alternate chase after oil fields and impossible indemnities, as long as the Western peoples, for all their professed horror of bloodshed, will tolerate such an abomination as this subsidized and incited Polish war, as long as the League of Nations remains the tied instrument of Allied high politics, it is useless to hope for improvement or even for an arrest of this galloping consumption of civilization. None the less we believe that there is much which individuals and learned and philanthropic societies may do. Every individual who uses the now open post to renew an acquaintance in the lately blockaded Continent, performs a humane and even a patriotic act. Let us not forget that as the engineers of the blockade we were, and in Russia still ARE, THE AUTHORS OF THIS RUIN. Everyone who will exchange books, pamphlets, and newspapers is breaking down the intellectual blockade. But we should look to learned societies to do much more in the way of collecting and distributing books. It will be a notable event when men and women, whose record was an honorable one during the war, may be invited here to lecture and renew old contacts. The Quakers are doing a work in Vienna, Poland, and Germany which makes us all the debtors of the one Christian society that

the war seems to have left standing. They have held out a helping hand (would that it were fuller of gifts) to the children and the sick who have been the worst sufferers by the blockade. It is time that the intellectual world rallied to the duty of breaking down the mental blockade. It means mutual starvation and universal sterility.

THE COMING OF BARBARIAN WARFARE.

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR HENRY WILSON, Chief of the General Staff, has been telling a soldier audience that the pleasant talk we heard in war time about the "war to end all war" and the coming age of peace had no real basis of fact—that it was nothing but a delusion. Wars were even now being waged in various parts of the world—there were "twenty or thirty of them." And he warned his audience to hold themselves ready for more wars, telling them the outlook for the Empire was anxious and menacing. Mr. Churchill has tried to explain away the Field-Marshal's utterances, as a mere platitudinous reminder that the Empire must be adequately armed. But Sir Henry told his hearers that he spoke with special knowledge and was saying something that had a practical significance, something different from the pleasant platitudes of the politicians.

On the morrow of Sir Henry Wilson's speech we take up the quarterly issue of the "Journal of the Royal United Service Institution." It is an important publication, because it gives us the considered opinions of our naval and military leaders. A technical work written by and for sailors and soldiers, it has a very limited circulation outside the membership of the Institution, which now numbers about 5,000. It would be well, however, if the general public knew something of the views put forward by its contributors, keen-minded scientific sailors and soldiers who partly voice, partly shape, the opinion of our Navy and Army, and thus influence the policy of the Admiralty and the War Office.

They have assuredly no illusions as to the advent of a reign of international peace and goodwill. They are studying the experiences of our great war in order to forecast the character of coming wars and suggest the best means of preparing for another gigantic conflict. And from their forecasts two things are clear:—

(1) The next great war will utterly eclipse the horrors of that which began in August, 1914.

(2) Naval and military opinion is accepting as necessary elements in the "civilized warfare" of the immediate future methods of wholesale destruction of life, which five years ago were regarded as inhuman and barbarous atrocities.

We all remember the outburst of indignation called forth by the news of the first German gas attack at Ypres on April 22nd, 1915. It was described as "inhuman cruelty," "cowardly treachery," "black devilry." The "black devilry" is now accepted as a normal feature of future war. Lieutenant King Hall, R.N., looks forward to its extension to naval warfare, for he writes:

"It is my personal opinion that the use of gas may eventually revolutionize warfare much as gunpowder did when first introduced. . . . The gas might be discharged on to an enemy coast-line. I believe there was a proposal to do this from coastal motor-boats on to the Belgian coast during the last war, but out of deference to Belgian susceptibilities the idea was abandoned. If it ever became necessary to use gas in this manner, a submarine would have many advantages as a gas discharger, especially if the gas could be made invisible."

The soldiers appear to have no doubt that the revolution in warfare has come, and that gas in various forms will be a main feature of the new age of "chemical warfare." In a lecture on the future of the tank we find Colonel Fuller, lately Chief Staff Officer of the Tank Corps in France, speaking, with what sounds like flippant cynicism, of coming developments:—

"Another great revolution in warfare faces us both on land and sea—gas warfare. Do not let us minimize its possibilities. Five hundred years ago both soldier and civilian scoffed at gunpowder and declared it to be a devilish invention, because it happened to be a new one. Everything new has in its time been attributed to his Satanic Majesty, who, indeed, must be the greatest of inventors. In this capacity I frankly admit myself to be a devil worshipper, and I cannot help feeling that I am at this moment among friends and not amongst theologians."

Colonel Fuller does not "minimize the possibilities." He looks forward to the age of swift-moving tanks, air-tight against their own gas cloud, with engines driven by accumulators and stores of oxygen and compressed air for the crew. Their weapon will be gas dischargers fed from magazines filled with tons of liquid gas. This will search out and destroy all life in their zone of action. The frontier fort of the future will be armed with gas dischargers and be able to bar all hostile movement over the zone it commands, by creating a "gas inundation," an atmosphere of death. Presumably siege operations will depend largely on suffocating the besieged with gas clouds. Colonel Fuller suggests that gas warfare may be humanized by making the gas merely asphyxiating in a painless manner. Temporary asphyxiation without death would suffice, or it might only temporarily demoralize and disable an enemy. But other enthusiasts go much further.

Thus in the discussion on Colonel Fuller's lecture we find Major-General Swinton, one of the inventors of the tank, saying:—

"I imagine from the progress that has been made in the past that in the future we will not have recourse to gas alone, but we will employ every force of nature that we can; and there is a tendency at present for progress in the development of the different forms of rays which can be turned to lethal purposes. We have X-rays, we have light rays, we have heat rays. Mr. H. G. Wells, in his 'War of the Worlds,' alludes to the heat rays of the Martians, and we may not be so very far from the development of some kind of lethal ray which will shrivel up or paralyze or poison human beings if they are unprotected. . . . The final form of human warfare, as I regard it, is germ-warfare. I think it will come to that, and so far as I see there is no reason why it should not, if we mean to fight. In that case, perhaps the tanks would not be such a great panacea, because short of previous inoculation it would not be possible to stop the progress of diseases simply by putting men into steel or any other type of enclosed vessels."

There was no protest called forth by this monstrous suggestion, either from the chairman or any of the officers present. It is published for the inspiration of our Army at p. 296 of the Institution's "Journal." It goes out to foreign countries as an expression of educated military opinion in England. One begins to think that, though the war of 1914-18 was not, after all, a "war to end all war," it is proving to have been the "war that ended all civilized war." If things develop according to these scientific forecasts the cross-hilted sword will cease to be the emblem of battle, and the new device of the soldier will be the tube spouting poison gas or filled with cholera germs. So it was for a future like this that the young manhood of Europe and America died in hundreds of thousands amid mud and wire on the Western front, and in swamp and desert in the East.

THE CASE FOR A LIBERAL PARTY.

II.—THE LABOR VIEW.

By J. RAMSAY MACDONALD.

THE country needs nothing more to-day than a rallying centre for men who truly respect the high calling of public life and who approach politics in elevation of spirit. I detest the Coalition not for its colossal failures, for it has been faced with tasks which might have baffled the ablest of Governments, but because it has debased Parliament and demeaned politics, and in its tremendous tasks it has chosen the arts of the market-place Cheap Jack, and in its dealings with Europe has cultivated the mind of the prize-ring onlooker. This means ruin. Those honors, those rectitudes, those stiff allegiances to principle and conscience which are always but tender and fragile, are, nevertheless, the only substantial supports for that moral authority which Parliament must retain if it is to safeguard the State. These the Coalition has trampled underfoot. Thus I regard the need of our day, and I see no prospect that the Liberal Party can satisfy it. Mr. Masterman may write with distinction and in wide general terms of what a Liberal Party may do; he could have done this since 1900; he can supplement that with criticisms, some of which may be unanswerable, of the Parliamentary Labor Party as we now know it, and yet he does not get at the heart of the matter. His voice is heard, and no one is moved; people listen and walk away still seeking that which shall put in them the energy of battle.

I.

The Liberal Party is discredited, and that is the root of its failure. At critical moments it could not face the unpopularity which would have saved its soul. When Europe was in the grip of fiendish passions that were working themselves out heedless of everything but the madness of the moment and the lust of the combatant, Mr. Masterman and his allies showed none of that political sagacity which would, in due time, have borne fruit in honor. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was dead—and forgotten. Later on, when the Armistice came and the victor should have possessed himself of a wisdom which looked behind and before, Mr. Masterman and his allies drifted with the angry streams that rushed from war into peace, and again failed the nation. Still later on when Russia presented herself as the great test of our wisdom and our worthiness, Mr. Asquith supported intervention, by and by became dumb, and only when the sorry tale was told and could not be untold, did he join us in deploring it. Lamentably did the Liberal Party fail to understand the deep-seated, but long-hidden, powers which imperturbably wait to pass judgment upon men. Then, Liberalism lost so much of its vitality, so many of its adherents.

No doubt Mr. Masterman may have come across "in many secret places" and "on many hills" the prayers of a remnant of the faithful and "the hosts of heaven." Human nature would be bad were it not so. But amongst the mass of the people who once worshipped with him, and amongst the great mass of the young people who are only beginning to worship, the prayers belong to a creed outworn and the hosts of heaven are ghosts like Ossian's warriors. The by-elections are not "the voice of the London clubs and the little continuous naggings of the bulk of the London newspapers." Had they been so, the Labor vote would have been a whisper drowned in a roar, and the Liberal Party could have continued its plaint that third candidates were splitting the Progressive vote and letting the Coalition in. In certain places, Liberal candidates can still win—Louth, for instance, ought to be captured; where national figures, like Mr. Asquith, stand they may get a special vote (and it is good that that should be so); but taking the country as a whole, Liberalism is held in no esteem, it possesses no confidence, it rouses no expectations; the meetings it holds are so meagre in size and so devoid of devotion that they cannot raise the tempera-

ture of the halls above zero. I detest brawling and I join with Mr. Masterman in deploring that some Labor members have been prevented from speaking by their very recent friends, but at the same time I noted the happenings at Leamington as possible evidence that there was still in the hearts of some Liberals such a respect for their faith as to compel them to lose their self-control.

II.

Were this discussion one of superficials in which verbal nimbleness is to play the chief part, the reply may be thrown at me that the Labor Party has a record not very much better. Members of the Labor Party contributed during the critical periods of the war, when the political mind strove with militarist passion for control, some of the most subversive opinions, and I have been told that that precious election gem, "Hang the Kaiser," was a product of a Labor Member of the Cabinet. Here is a field for the debater to choose. It is strewn thick with loose stones. I am not debating; I am trying to deal with objective facts. And one which cannot be denied is that the Labor Party started from the election not discredited. It had all the qualifications for being a rallying centre which the Liberal Party had lost.

The reason was obvious. I saw it working in the Bristol Trade Union Congress when everything appeared to be lost, and when the most faithful of one's friends were oppressed with the thought that in the inevitable wreck of Europe we, too, should be wrecked. All parties contain a great mass of functionless tissue which they use for weight. It was that weight which decided that Labor should join coalitions, find its policy in militarist jargon and thoughts, and generally make the mistake of supposing that there was but one way of safeguarding the nation and fighting the war, and that the way which was pursued till the terrible end. But this was not so with the living parts of the Party. When they agreed to join coalitions, they joined in an independent spirit. They pursued their own policy and ultimately, stage after stage, won. When Labor Members in the Cabinet were accepting the application of conscription to Ireland, the Party in the country and its national Executive were opposing it; whilst the Party was officially tied by the political truce, its local sections forced its hands by breaking it. Finally, the time came when a vote of a Conference of the Party would have ended the Coalition, and the Executive wisely led in the revolt and the Party was free. No such movements or incidents took place inside the Liberal Party. It left the Coalition shattered and without honor. A sort of Palace Revolution took place and the old ruler with his bodyguard were dispossessed. The election was a defeat for both, but whilst Labor emerged worsened it was not broken, whereas Liberalism was broken. Labor knew that the next attack was to be its revenge; Liberalism saw nothing ahead but wilderness wandering. The election to Labor was like the first fights with Charles to the Parliamentary army.

Thus we stood after the election; and this is not only history, it is still politics.

III.

For seventeen months we have been witnessing this victorious Government dishonoring the nation and disgracing itself, until it has indeed become a moral pest, and in the meantime, no one can say that there has been a restoration of Liberalism. Even Mr. Asquith's return to Parliament has failed. He has never struck and he cannot strike. He knows, and the Front Government Bench knows, that every time he hits them he hits himself. His old lieutenants who are still out get wrapped in deeper and deeper mists of obscurity.

Upon the slender backs of Sir Donald Maclean and Mr. Wedgwood Benn rest the honors of Parliamentary Liberalism.

Again the retort comes: What of the Parliamentary Labor Party? and Mr. Masterman makes it quite effectively. But the difference is that whereas the life of the Liberal Party is in Parliament, the life of the Labor Party is in the constituencies. One has only to compare the Liberal with the Labor list of candidates to see what I mean. Amongst the chosen Labor candidates are men from all ranks and classes and of the most varied experience who will at once make their mark on Parliament and whose knowledge of public affairs is of a unique kind. It may be that until quite recently the condition of the public mind was such that it would return only men of the most accommodating opinions and the most commonplace politics; it may be that the more official side of Trade Unionism, being put in possession of a great political party by the accidents of war, resolved in its heart that no one was to come near and share its inheritance. What of that? Mr. Masterman as a critical observer must not make the same mistake as the men he criticizes. Seventeen months of work in the country and of experience of the Parliamentary Labor Party, has made the movement itself so strong that its Parliamentary representatives will either have to voice it or give place to others who will. The greatest proof of my faith in the Labor Party is that it is bigger than its Parliamentary representatives, that it thinks without them, that it grows independently of them. Ours is a movement amongst men and women, a strong democratic surge, a fresh outflowing of social life. That period in the life of Liberalism is behind it. Liberalism cannot split upon its theories, it can only quarrel upon its expediences and its programmes. Liberalism has no "Daily Herald" to say rash and foolish things out of the fulness of its heart and the impatience of its soul. If it had, it would be alive. Liberalism has now no extremists because it has not the faith upon which pioneers are nurtured. Liberalism has no colts to harness, and therefore it has no team to pull. In the Labor Party, one feels something of a cosmic energy: the face of the Liberal Party is pale and there is rheumatism in its limbs.

In Mr. Masterman's article there are signs that he feels the difference, but the use he makes of it is to warn us against "universal Socialization or Syndicalization," as Mr. Asquith did at Paisley. That is the Prime Minister's *pièce de résistance*, and no one can imitate him at that. Mr. Masterman has thought too deeply on political methods to be taken in by his fears of the absolute. Social need and not the logic of the schools is the driving force behind parties, and yet, all parties in their vigor have complete systems in their minds to guide them in their day to day work. The Labor Party has a conception of a fully co-operating society in which the economic processes upon which its life depends shall be organized to secure a maximum fulness for that life. The Liberal Party has no view of social organization at all except a hope that by patching here and there the rent and rending fabric of capitalism may be kept together. Such a way of life will never attract men, nor will it save the nation from listening to those appeals to emotion, fear, and ignorance which threaten to become characteristic of General Elections. If we are to meet and destroy not merely this Government but the debasements upon which it is built up, it can only be by giving the nation a new spirit and a new vision, and by effecting a new combination which goes deeper than mere politics and unites morally men and women of all classes and personal interests because they have seen in the smoke and the flames of the war some glimpses of the new Great Co-operating Industrial State. Before the war the life might have ebbed slowly from the Liberal Party, invigorated in spasms by Ninepences for Fourpences, land taxation which left nobody a penny the better or the worse, and such things. But the war jarred this slow sinking into age, and the Liberal Party is challenged: "What City would you build?" And we desire it to answer not from a dreamy fireside, but from

its architectural offices where plans are drawn and quantities are worked out.

IV.

It is trying to answer—after the manner of the Restoration of Ancient Buildings Society.

Were the Coalition to go to-morrow, its successor would have to take immediate action on three or four matters that will not brook delay. What is the Liberal attitude on them?

1. *Ireland.*—The Liberal Party is almost as responsible as the Coalition for the state into which Ireland has fallen. When it was predominant in the Cabinet, Irish Nationalism received blow after blow which ultimately destroyed it. The supreme folly which imposed conscription on Ireland was in the main Liberal folly. Thus, were a Liberal Government now to approach Ireland it would be regarded as a hostile Government. It would receive no accommodation. Nor would it know what to do. Its leaders have shown that Ulster beats them; they have not shown that they can satisfy the Irish majority; they are not the people to get a compromise. They must resign or use martial law.

2. *Nationalization of the Mines.*—Upon this the Liberal Party is divided, some hearkening back to precisely the same arguments as were used by the Moderates in London when the Progressives wished to municipalize the trams. "If you municipalize trams, you cannot stop but must go on to municipalize everything; you destroy initiative and security," and so on right through "The Paisley Policy." The official programme is the same to all intents and purposes as the Coalition's, a medley of capitalism, syndicalism, and bureaucracy which no practical man from Mr. Smillie to Lord Gainford will look at. Capitalism can be worked—with difficulty: nationalization can be worked—with risks; but this State, private Capitalist, syndicalist Trust, no man can work.

3. *Foreign Policy.*—Upon this, the Liberals drift nearer and nearer to us. But whilst Mr. Asquith was pledging himself at Paisley to revise the Treaties, he was defending his own secret ones, and his contribution to the debate on the ultimatum to Austria (miscalled an Austrian Peace Treaty) must have destroyed any hope that a Liberal Government would undertake such a revision as would justify a feeling of security. Apart from will, however, the Liberal Party has not that international contact which is now so essential if this country is to help in any great measure to set Europe upon its feet again. Nor can the Liberal Party give us any guarantee that it will revise drastically old diplomatic methods which put international affairs into the hands of a small body of men alienated in mind and contact from the true national life.

4. *Finance.*—Upon this, the Liberal Party is again split. The threatening problem of how we are to levy our required income depends upon how we are to treat our debt. Long after the Labor Party was urging the conscription of wealth, it dawned upon the Liberal Party leaders that the debt had to be separately dealt with, and they compromised and suggested a levy on war wealth. Enough could not be raised to make the levy worth while; war wealth, having already been subject to the excess profits tax, though not exempt from any general levy, may fairly claim to be exempt from further special levy: it is now impossible to separate war wealth so as to make a levy on it equitable. But war wealth is unpopular—justly so, and to make it a scapegoat is too tempting for the Treasury or the Liberal leaders who know perfectly well that debt must be reduced otherwise than by saving from income, but have not the courage to face the nation with a just scheme.

Whither, then, can the person go, who desires to strike the Coalition hard, and who wishes to take the opportunity that the war has given to reinvigorate national life and bring politics back for the next generation to great issues and masterful effort? If the Party which he seeks is to be one not merely of leaders and programmes, but one which moves in the hearts of people and rouses expectancy and stirs imagination so that it

is aglow with something like religious fervor, if it be one which raises real issues, fights for them and educates the country upon them, he must find it in the Labor Party. Mr. Masterman speaks of co-operation. My belief in party has never run to partisanship, and to-day I am further away from that than ever. No party has the whole law and the whole gospel, but this immoral thing which exists as a Government to-day must be a warning for the lifetime of those who have experienced it against political marriages of convenience. Co-operation and the forms which it is to take grow out of events and must be left to circumstances. The first duty of the Labor Party now is to fight stoutly for its principles, to educate, to persuade, to rationalize opinion, and I venture to express a hope that those whose Liberalism is not a closed book but a progressive spirit will see that it is their duty to range themselves with the vital democratic movement, strengthen those who are fighting against its shortcomings, give it steadiness of aim, and supply some of the experiences and sagacities in which it may be lacking.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

THE report of the British members of the Hunter Committee is as unimaginative a piece of writing as ever marked a great passage in history. We are certainly a political people, and we have reached a crisis in Indian government such as no man of this generation has seen. Yet it is impossible to read in the cold and niggling language of Lord Hunter and his colleagues the least sense of a high occasion, let alone of a duty to the disturbed mind of India, and the uninstructed mind of England. So unconscious is the tone that in passages it seems to acquire a merely ironical significance, as if the immortal spirit of Swift had for some fleeting moments taken lodgment in those solemn lawyers' noddles. No hope, alas! for that enlightening visitor. The majority have written their brief for the Government of the Punjab, and its characters will remain until Mr. Montagu finally erases them. To my mind, it is no credit to the majority, and no saving of the wrong they have done the Empire, that they just avoid specifically defending the very worst things that have been done in our name, and choose rather to spread a thick disguising veil of apology over the less bad. However, that method has one advantage. Obscure as is the censure of General Dyer, it is censure, and though Dyer is his own accuser, and his guilt is weakly and falsely blurred and softened into error, guilt it remains. It is therefore impossible to suppose that after Mr. Montagu's despatch the Government will content itself with merely permitting him to retire from the Army he has disgraced.

HOWEVER, Mr. Montagu's despatch retrieves the situation. Government by Coalition is an hypocrisy, and the price India has to pay Lord Curzon and the Tories in the Cabinet for a repudiation of Dyerism and O'Dwyerism is a formal compliment to the honesty of the one man and the "energy" and "courage" of the other. No one imagines that these words, or at least these thoughts, are Mr. Montagu's, and India, at least, will not suppose that they are. For the real question is the future of the reforms. It is impossible to think that they can stand unless Ordinance IV. is wiped out of the records of Indian Government. Mr. Montagu

has practically thrown it over. But as long as political Indians see that their new liberties can at any moment be superseded by administrative order, they will look askance at the reforms, and quite possibly refuse to work them. How is confidence to be restored? There seems only one way, and that is for Mr. Montagu to take Lord Chelmsford's place. The Viceroy will now, I suppose, serve out his term, though he richly deserves recall, and the feebleness of his rule is evident in his Government's report, now excusing and now throwing over what are virtually his own acts. But the future of India hangs on the appointment of his successor; and those who know her will, I think, conclude that only a persistent act of liberal administration can save it.

I BELIEVE that Lord Morley was freely consulted in the critical stages of the Indian crisis.

I AM sure the Welsh Chapel is a much more ingenuous institution than Mr. Caradoc Evans declares it to be; otherwise the Prime Minister could hardly have addressed it in the language of his letter to Mr. David Davies on the League of Nations. The League figures there as the hope of the world; otherwise visibly threatened with extinction. True. But who threatens it? Well, it has some formidable enemies in this country. The first is Mr. George's chief of staff—his own special appointment—who, well knowing what the next war must be, declares war to be an eternal and inevitable institution, and virtually toasts its reappearance. The second is Mr. Churchill, who, by hook and by crook, has managed to keep war with Russia going for eighteen months after the parent war was stopped. And I was going to say that the third was Mr. George himself. Is that a libel? The Prime Minister can make it one. He knows that the Supreme Council rules Europe, and that so long as it functions, the League has little more say in policy than the rat-catcher at Buckingham Palace. Nay, it is worse than a powerless or an irrelevant thing, for it acts as a smoke-screen behind which the politics of might does its work, and the spirit of Nationalism drives society to the devil. But Mr. George is the Council of Three. He has become its one permanent figure. He loves the intoxication of power; the interesting jaunts, the fencing with Millerand, the sense of driving the world-wheel on which he sits. Then let him say that the Council holds the reins and means to keep them, and drop this dialect of Pecksniff.

VISITING Oxford the other day, in the gaiety of Eights Week, I thought it changed in respect of its student population. There was a great contrast in ages; the men seemed at once younger and older than before the war. The reason appeared to be that the public schools were again sending their full quota, while the older faces belonged to the soldiers of the war, who had lost four or five years of their youth in other scenes than those pleasant courts and gardens. I was assured that a mental change had also come over the University during the last year, corresponding to the physical one. At first the ex-soldiers controlled the political thinking: their opinions had taken a Radical or a Socialist turn; they gave a serious, even a half-revolutionary, element to the debates in the Union, and to the tone of University life. But the arrival of the boys was changing all that; views were moderating, and young Oxford was reverting to her normally light and

careless spirit. That I gathered was the second reaction from the war.

THE pulpit is popularly supposed to supply the arch-practitioners of humbug; but I should give journalism the palm. Did any man see the like of the campaign for economy in the "Times"? Day by day it fulminates at the Chancellor, the House of Commons, and the wasters of the Departments. And sure as the sun rises, it lights upon some "Times"-fed piece of extravagance. No journal should be given a heavier accountability for the hundred millions thrown away on the Russian expeditions and their Polish sequel. None is more responsible for after-war militarism in this country and elsewhere. Even when we are threatened with a piece of mere peacockery, like the three millions to be wasted in bearskins and red-coats for the Army, the "Times" supports it. It admits that the scheme adds a heavy burden to the officer class, who can ill afford it; nevertheless, it insists on our soldiers reverting to a kind of dress which they cannot possibly wear in war. Why? Simply to provide the old, silly, theatrical, obsolete lure. Doubtless these Northcliffe papers would cut down something. Lord Rothermere, for example, would cut down the schools. But, next to the Government, they are the most poisonous root of extravagance in the country. For what they grow is all upas-tree.

I SPOKE last week of the condition of the children of Budapest. I think it right to print this appeal, which comes from two Hungarian ladies representing the Red Cross, just as I receive it:—

The Children in Budapest are Conquered,
They lay down their weapons.

They endured bravely, these weak little creatures. Without fat, without milk, without shoes and clothes, they have battled against the winter in unheated rooms. They have fought against disease which in the absence of medicine and materials for cleanliness raged unchecked. They have held out five years, but at last they give way upon the threshold of peace.

They die helpless sacrifices not able to bear their sufferings any longer.

Switzerland will gladly take them in, and offers them from her gentle heart the pure air and the food that yet can save them.

Happy dwellers in a land which knows merry, healthy children, who play knowing nothing of the misery spread over the world, think upon those little ones who in their short lives have experienced only misery.

Keep them alive that they may learn the blessedness of peace, the joy of laughter and play.

Send whatever you can, much or little, to the:—

International Red Cross Committee,
Geneva, 1, Promenade du Pin,
for the "Convalescence of Hungarian Children in Switzerland."

A FRIEND of Sir Richard Stapley, who died the other day at sea, writes me:—

"Stapley was astonishingly different from any type of London merchant one hears about. Yet he belonged, undeniably, to the City—as Common Councillor and as joint architect of a business which has been something of a legend in the textile trades. In the 'seventies of last century, Richard Stapley left the firm of Samuel Morley and started in London Wall as manufacturers and wholesalers, mainly of women's and children's outfitting. The house achieved a great record, and the average City man did not hesitate to ascribe its swift ascent to the adoption of a higher standard of ethics than the accepted code. But it was in his wide intellectual interests that Richard Stapley was most remarkable. He had no great gift for public life, though he stood twice as a Liberal candidate in London. But his range of acquaintance was immense. You got

the impression that there was no man or woman belonging to the advanced guard in social and religious thought whom he did not know, or for whom, if he deserved it, Stapley failed to provide a room and an audience. For twenty years or so a society called the Christo-theosophical, formed of people interested in mystical thought, met in his Bloomsbury Square house; and for at least an equal period he gave more than intellectual hospitality to a circle of radical thinkers who had originally met for discussion in the less congenial air of a Fleet Street tavern. He was one of the company of intimates who gathered around the late William Clarke, and he was for long a faithful hearer and supporter of Stopford Brooke at Bedford Chapel. When, later, Mr. R. J. Campbell (companion of his last voyage) entered upon the exciting stages of his spiritual pilgrimage, there was nothing strange to anyone who knows Richard Stapley, then a deacon of the City Temple, in seeing him stand by the side of his friend."

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

"THE NEWS ABOUT THE NEWS."

"THE news about the news needs to be told." So says an American publicist in a searching short study of a great subject just published in New York. The statement is undeniable. The news about the news is enormously important. Increasing numbers of people are coming to realize that there is literally nothing of greater moment to a modern community than the quality, the origins, and the tendencies of the information given out day by day in what used to be called "the public prints." But until quite recently surprisingly little attention has been given to the matter in this country. Before the war English people were accustomed to swallow almost any printed news without question. They are less simple to-day, for with the war the new industry of official propaganda began to trouble their minds and consciences. It happens, therefore, that when an unusually successful practitioner of the New Journalism, such as the Member for the Hornsey Division, writes a large book to explain that, after a quarter of a century of the modern method of gathering and doctoring news, the public will no longer accept it, the average citizen is disposed to retort, "Well, and what else would you expect?"

But if we in England have been slow in becoming aroused to the presence among us of a vast social peril, the American people have been earlier awakened. The reason may be, many would say, that the danger and the scandal have been decidedly greater with them. Adventurous magazine writers have been at work explaining the relations existing between the news machine and the marvellous ramifications of large-scale business. Even in America, however, the ordinary citizen has commonly to be content with a vague general suspicion. But the revolt against the monopoly of the "kept" Press has begun. In the monograph from which our opening sentence is quoted ("Liberty and the News"; New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe), Mr. Walter Lippmann argues eloquently that self-government depends fundamentally upon the news supply. A community which is kept from a knowledge of the facts and the whole range of facts is of necessity impotent and must be astray. If we do not get the stuff of knowledge—

"Then anyone's guess and anyone's rumor, each man's hope and each man's whim, become the basis of government. All that the sharpest critics of democracy have alleged is true, if there is no steady supply of trustworthy and relevant news. Impotence and aimless-

ness, corruption and disloyalty, panic and ultimate disaster, must come to any people which is denied an assured access to the facts."

The question here presented, says Mr. Lippmann, is a question more intricate than any which church or school has prepared the citizen to understand, and yet he is at present altogether without effective guidance. The newspaper is the only book that is read by the mass of men and women every day. The power to determine what the book shall contain and the manner in which the contents shall be presented is a power unlike any that has ever been wielded among men. "The task of selecting and ordering that news is one of the truly sacred and priestly offices in a democracy." And to-day, as Mr. Lippmann reminds us, nations professing government by the will of the people are making no serious effort to guarantee the news without which a governing opinion cannot exist at all. Conceive the stupefaction of the better equipped and more intelligent citizens who, as we may hope, will make up the communities of to-morrow:—

"Is it possible, they will ask, that at the beginning of the twentieth century nations calling themselves democracies were content to act on what happened to drift across their doorsteps; that apart from a few sporadic exposures and outcries, they made no plans to bring these common carriers under social control; that they provided no genuine training schools for the men upon whose sagacity they were dependent; above all, that their political scientists went on year after year writing and lecturing about government without producing one, one single, significant study of the process of public opinion?"

Mr. Lippmann makes certain suggestions towards the remedy to which we will refer later. In the meantime we note that he is concerned only with the transcendent importance to a self-governing people of a full and free news service, without which there cannot be even an approach to freedom. But he does not in this essay attempt to analyze the vast evil of the news we get, the news which, at present, we have to endure. For some light upon that extraordinary business as conducted in the United States we may turn to a revolutionary little book that comes from Mr. Upton Sinclair: "The Brass Check: A Study of American Journalism" (published by the author at Pasadena, California). We take it that this astonishing production will reach only a small number of people on our side of the Atlantic. That is a pity, for assuredly its contents ought to be known.

Now, it should be said that Upton Sinclair is a writer of the sort that people have in mind when they use the word sensational. He cannot help it. He treats habitually of social themes which are exciting from their very nature, and he is accustomed to write of them in the straightest and hardest words. For some fifteen years or so he has been more or less continuously in the headlines. Repeatedly he assures us that this exceptional publicity is none of his seeking. The newspapers have thrust it upon him. But it is plain from his own confessions that he has offered the most enticing opportunities to the Press. He is provokingly ingenuous, and we can imagine that the terrible organs controlled by Mr. W. R. Hearst have not often found a militant man of letters more easy to "guy" than is Mr. Sinclair. Before 1906, apparently, he had nothing to complain of. So far he had done nothing to show that he was dangerous. But in that year he published "The Jungle"; and a man does not set out to expose the stockyards and the Chicago Beef Trust without becoming, in a special sense, a public character. Mr. Sinclair, however, had done more than this. He had written what proved to be the most resounding propagandist story of its day, a story that had boomed in many languages. Big Business

accordingly marked him down. It is not difficult to see what happened. The name of Upton Sinclair was given a prominent place on the newspaper Index. He was a Socialist. He was the most widely read of those journalists who at that time were "muck-raking," as the saying is, among the worst evils of American society. He had in "The Jungle" attacked a powerful monopoly, which was good for millions of dollars of advertising. Therefore no newspaper must mention him except with the purpose of making him either odious or absurd. His narrative of what followed is a highly curious record of modern persecution. It sounds imaginative; yet it is so circumstantial that we do not suppose any person reading it without prepossession could fail to accept it as a plain factual record.

This personal story is startling enough; but not any more so than the second part of the volume in which Mr. Sinclair attempts an analysis of the forces which have the news of America under command. We have nothing in England to compare with the great organization of the Associated Press. At first glance it seems to be something like a union of Reuter's Agency and the Press Association; but it is in fact very different. Its membership includes some 900 newspapers in the United States, with a gross circulation estimated at not less than fifteen millions. That vast aggregate of people is dependent for its daily knowledge of events upon the identical dispatches supplied by the correspondents of the Associated Press. What the A.P. "puts over" in its telegrams is pre-eminently the news of the world for the households of America. The Associated Press, founded twenty years ago, is described as a wholly mutual concern, owned and controlled by its members. In point of fact, it is a colossal monopoly, with powers of life and death over newspaper publishers and proprietors. The voting strength is, by a peculiarity of the constitution, vested in a small number of original members. Membership of the A.P. is a privilege very closely guarded. A paper cannot, as with Reuter's, simply buy the news service by subscribing. A new paper is never admitted unless it is clear that there is no danger of competition with any daily paper already within the circle. Hence, the adventure of securing the Associated Press franchise in any city, especially a metropolitan city, is rather like the purchase of a quarter of a King's Share in the New River Company. The existing members can and do keep the intruder out, and frequently the only way open to a speculative purchaser is to pay a fantastic price for a paper in order to make sure of its A.P. membership, without which a newspaper property must be finally ruinous.

It is manifest that American radicals and progressives have a case against the Associated Press as a monopolist power of the news. Mr. Sinclair, as we should expect, states that case with all his force; and in attacking the great corporation he bases a specific challenge upon its treatment of all Labor news. It is supported by a telling array of evidence, which could doubtless have been supplemented if the indictment had been drawn up after the recent coal and steel strikes, the news of which was kept out of the daily Press. The money power which commands the American Press is a multiple force, varying according to the particular great industry which dominates the region—copper or coal, steel, lumber, or milling. Everywhere too the terrific strength of the railroads is felt; and in every city the weight of the display advertiser, more particularly the department store, lies heavy upon the newspaper. How, then, in such a society, with all the organs of information and expression held in thrall, can a people find the means of political education and social renewal?

Mr. Lippmann's answer, brief and confessedly shadowy, takes the form of suggestions towards the strict acknowledgment of the source of all news, the cultivation of a higher code of journalistic morals, the enlistment of the Universities in the service, the establishment of a disinterested co-operative news-agency, even the institution of a voluntary Court of Honour by the profession for its own discipline. For Mr. Sinclair the hope of remedy lies mainly in unionism among journalists, especially news men, and a co-operative newspaper, with a rational board of directors composed of leading journalists and laymen of the highest standing, backed by adequate resources in money and regional organization. In both groups of suggestions there is something, perhaps much. But the problem of the news is fundamental. It is bound up with the structure of society itself.

A MIDNIGHT VOYAGE.

Our voyage was to begin at midnight from near Limehouse Hole. The hour and the place have been less promising in the beginning of many a strange adventure. Where the voyage would end could not be said, except that it would be in Bugsby's Reach, and at some time or other. It was now ten o'clock, getting towards sailing time, and the way to the foreshore was unlighted and devious. Yet it was somewhere near. This area of still and empty night railed off from the glare of the Commercial Road would be Limehouse Church. It is foolish to suppose you know the Tower Hamlets because you have seen them by day. They change. They are like those uncanny folk of the fables. At night, wonderfully, they become something else, take another form, which has never been more than glimpsed, and another character, so fabulous but reticent that it will support the tales of the wildest romanticist who rightly feels that if such yarns were told of 'Frisco or Timbuctoo they might get found out. Was this the church? Three Chinamen were disputing by its gate. Perhaps they were in disagreement as to where the church would be in daylight.

At a corner where the broad main channel of electric light ended, and perplexity began, a policeman stood, and directed me into chaos. "Anywhere," he explained, "anywhere down there will do." We saw a narrow alley in the darkness, which had one gas lamp and many cobbled stones. At the bottom of the lane were three iron posts. Beyond the posts a bracket lamp showed a brick wall, and in the wall was an arch so full of gloom that it seemed impassable, except to a steady draught of cold air that might have been the midnight itself entering Limehouse from its own place. At the far end of that opening in the wall was nothing. We stood and looked into that while perched on an invisible wooden platform. Before us then should have been the Thames, at the top of the flood tide. It was not seen. There was only a black void dividing some clusters of brilliant but remote and diminished lights. There were odd stars which detached themselves from the fixed clusters, and moved in the void, sounding the profundity of the chasm beneath them with lines of trembling fire. Such a wandering comet drifted near where we stood on the verge of nothing, and then it was plain that its trail of quivering light did not sound, but floated and undulated on a travelling road—that chasm before us was black because it was filled with fluid night. Night, we discovered suddenly, was in irresistible movement. It was swift and heavy. It was unconfined. It was

welling higher to douse our feeble glims and to founder London, built of shadows on its boundary. It moved with frightful quietness. It seemed confident of its power. It swirled and eddied by the piles of the wharf, and there it found a voice, though that was muffled, yet now and then it broke into levity for a moment, as at some secret and alien jest.

There were sounds which reached us at last from the opposite shore, faint with distance and terror. The warning from an unseen steamer going out was as if a soul, crossing this Styx, now knew the worst. There is no London on the Thames, after sundown. Most of us know very little of the river by day. It might then be no more native to our capital than the Orientals who stand under the Limehouse gas lamps at night. It surprises us. We turn and look at it from our seat in a tram, and watch a barge going down on the ebb—it luckily misses the piers of Blackfriars Bridge—as if a door had unexpectedly opened on a mystery, revealing another world in London, and another sort of life than ours. It is as uncanny as if we had sensed another dimension of space. The tram gets among the buildings again, and we are reassured by the confined and arid life we know. But what a light and width had that surprising world where we saw a barge drifting as leisurely as though the narrow limits which we call reality were there unknown!

But after dark there is not only no river, when you stand where by day is its foreshore; there is no London. Then, looking out from Limehouse, you might be the only surviving memory of a city that has vanished, left solitary amid the unsubstantial shades by the forgetful gods, for about you are only comets passing through space, and inscrutable shapes; your neighbors are Cassiopeia and Orion.

But where was our barge, the "Lizzie"? We became aware abruptly of the skipper and the crew of this ship for our midnight cruise among the stars. He had his coat collar raised. The "Lizzie," he said, was now free of the mud, and he was going to push off. Sitting on a bollard, and pulling out his tobacco pouch, he said he hadn't had her out before. Sorry he'd got to do it now. She was a bitch. She bucked her other man overboard three days ago. They hadn't found him yet. They found her down by Gallions Reach. Jack Jones was the other chap. Old Rarzo they called him. Took more than a little to give him that color. But he was All Right. They were going to have a benefit concert for his wife and kids. Jack's brother was going to sing: good as Harry Lauder, he is.

Below us a swirl of water broke into mirth, instantly suppressed. We could see the "Lizzie" now. The ripples slipped round her to the tune of they-'avn't-found-'im-yet, they-'avn't-found-'im-yet—they 'avn't. The skipper and crew rose, fumbling at his feet for a rope. There did not seem to be much of the "Lizzie." She was but a little raft to drift out on the tides which moved among the stars. "Now's your chance," said her crew, and we took it, on all fours. The last remnant of London was then pushed from us with a pole. We were launched on night, which had begun its ebb towards morning.

The punt sidled away obliquely for midstream. We stood at one end of it. The figure of Charon could be seen at the other, of long acquaintance with this passage, using his sweep with the indifference of habitude. Perhaps it was not Charon. Anyhow, there was some obstruction to the belief that we were bound for no more than the steamer "Aldebaran," anchored in Bugsby's Reach. From the low deck of the barge it was surprising

that the river, whose name was Night, was content with the height to which it had risen. Perhaps it was taking its time. It might soon receive an influx from space, rise then in a silent upheaval; and those low shadows that were London, even now half foundered, would at once go. This darkness was an irresponsible power. It was the same flood which had sunk Knossos and Memphis. It was tranquil, indifferent, knowing us not, reckoning us all one with the Sumerians. They were below it. It had risen above them. Now it was laving the base of London.

The crew cried out to us that over there was the entrance to the West India Dock. We knew that place in another life. But should Charon joke with us? We saw only chaos, in which the beams from a reputed city glimmered ineffectively, without purpose.

The shadow of the master of our black barge pulled at his sweep with a slow confidence that was fearful amid what was sightless and unknown. His pipe glowed, as with the profanity of an immortal to whom eternity and infinity are of the usual significance. Then a red and a green eye appeared astern, and there was a steady throbbing as if some monster were in pursuit of us. A tug shaped near us, drew level, and exposed with its fires, as it went ahead, a radiant "Lizzie" on an area of water that leaped in red flames. The furnace door of the tug was shut, and at once we were blind. "Hold hard!" yelled our skipper, and the "Lizzie" slipped into the turmoil of the tug's wake.

There would be Millwall. The tug and the turmoil had gone. We were alone again in the beyond. There was no sound now but the water spattering under our craft, and the fumbling and infrequent splash of the sweep. Once we heard the miniature bark of a dog, distinct and fine, as though distance had refined it as well as reduced it. We were nearly round the loop the river makes about Millwall, and this unknown region before us was Blackwall Reach by day, and Execution Dock used to be dead ahead. To the east, over the waters, a fan of red light exploded and pulsed on the clouds latent above, giving them momentary form. It was as though, from the place where it starts, the dawn had been released too soon, and was at once recalled. "The gas works," said the skipper.

Still the slow drift, quite proper to those at large in eternity. But this, we were told, was the beginning of Eugsby's Reach.

It was first a premonition, then a doubt, and at last a distinct tremor in the darkness ahead of us. A light appeared there, grew nearer, higher, and brighter, and there was a suspicion of imminent mass. "Watch her," warned the skipper. Watch what? There was nothing to watch but the dark and some planets far away, one of them red. The menacing one still grew higher and brighter. It came at us. A wall instantly appeared to overhang us, with a funnel and masts above it, and our skipper's yell was lost in the thunder of a churning propeller. The air shuddered, and a siren hooted in the heavens. A long, dark body seemed minutes going by us, and our skipper's insults were taken in silence by her superior deck. She left us riotous in her wake, and we continued our journey dancing our indignation on the uneasy deck of the "Lizzie."

The silent drift recommenced, and we neared a region of unearthly lights and the smell of sulphur, where aerial skeletons, vast and black, and columns and towers, alternately glowed and vanished as the doors of infernal fires were opened and shut. We drew abreast of this phantom place where flames and darkness

battled amid gigantic ruin. Charon spoke, "They're the coal wharves," he said.

The lights of a steamer rose in the night below the wharves, but it was our own progress which brought them nearer. She was anchored. We made out at last her shape, but at first she did not answer our hail.

"Hullo, Aldebaran," once more roared our captain.

There was no answer. In a minute we should be by her, and too late.

"Barge, ahoy!" came a voice. "Is that the — paint?"

The Drama.

THE GUITRYS.

THE average successful Sacha Guitry play—there are numerous examples of it—is a confection for the boulevard. But one may say at any rate that it is immensely less tedious than the *machines* of those boulevard-purveyors who are taken with such absurd seriousness in England—Donnay, Hervieu, Lavedan, Bernstein. I hate to class Sacha Guitry with the purveyors, but I cannot class him with serious people like Georges de Porto Riche and François de Curel. I would put him in an intermediate group with Georges Courteline and Tristan Bernard. I wonder whether Sacha Guitry will ever write anything so classically comic as the best Courteline of the best Bernard!

Let us be thankful that he has absolutely no pretentiousness. He was born gracious and adroit and successful, but he is not puffed up, even artistically; and I doubt whether he is often worried about the relation of his plays to the truth of life. His average play is cynical, but at the same time it is sentimental—combination adored by all the best publics throughout the world. It is exceedingly, deliciously, witty in spots; parts of it are dramatically very good on their plane; but the goodness of the parts is not such as to conduce to the goodness of the whole. In other words Sacha Guitry is wasteful, too nonchalant, in the use of his material. Though often very adroit over details, he not seldom fails in large constructional skill. I cannot criticize "Nono," for I have not seen it for years, and my memory of it is very vague. But a striking example of the author's constructional negligence is the last act of "La Prise de Berg Op Zoom," which tumbles terribly from the level of the third act. While it is impossible not to be amused and to be grateful for plays of this stamp, it is also impossible wholly to respect them. In fact, one's reservations are grave.

As an actor Sacha Guitry wins sympathy at once by youthfully recalling his tremendous father. He is a good actor, and in cynical-sentimental scenes more than good—distinguished. But if he had not been a brilliant playwright and the son of Lucien Guitry, I doubt whether his reputation as an actor would have got beyond France. His wife has the charm of authentic and unquestionable youth; she possesses technique, but her method is apt to be a trifle monotonous, and some times she might, I think, advantageously display more softness. Yet now and then she is exquisitely soft. Be as judicial as you will, you have to admit that her performance gives at moments keen pleasure.

There was a great deal of *snobisme* (the French word) in the reception of the first two productions of the Guitry season. An idea seemed to be abroad that they constituted first-rate theatrical art; and this idea, which was gushingly fostered, no doubt sprang from the fact that Sacha Guitry is a prodigy. Well, he is a prodigy all right. It is indeed notable that he should be such an entertaining, lovable and prolific dramatist and simultaneously such a clever actor. But no profusion of varied non-first-rateness piled together can amount to the first-rate. The opening plays were not first-rate and the acting was not first-rate—and the

setting of "La Prise de Berg op Zoom" was sinful. What was first-rate in the productions was the *ensemble* of the acting. Further, the work of the producer was admirable. The French can produce us and act us clean off the stage. They have in them an innate superiority. Let us grant it candidly.

When Lucien Guitry made his *début* in "Pasteur," he created the greatest artistic sensation, apart from the Russian ballet, that the London stage has had for many years; and he put Sacha Guitry into a true perspective. "Pasteur" is neither better nor worse than Sacha Guitry's other successful plays. It seems better, but that is only because the subject is a noble subject. Sacha Guitry shows in it that he can treat a noble subject quite as sympathetically and as engagingly as a hackneyed adulterous *imbroglio*. The material extracted by him from Pasteur's biography is magnificent and he has handled it with much dignity. He has not, however, fused it into a dramatic entity. I heard that he wrote the play in five days, and I can believe it. Upon what principle he selected the episodes I could not divine, nor could I detect in the piece either solid construction or dramatic climax, or even development of character. The development of Pasteur's character was indicated not by Sacha but by Lucien Guitry. The play was episodically very effective, and it reinforced "Abraham Lincoln" in its lesson to dramatists who are ready to follow new paths. But I seriously doubt whether it will be considered effective twenty years hence. Neither is it consistently even adroit. The oration of the President of the Republic in the last act, in itself tedious and unconvincing, seemed to stop the action dead. And if the author was here being ironic at the expense of Presidents, then his irony was out of key with the situation.

Lucien Guitry as Pasteur was sublime. He was just that. What a lesson in sobriety, in economy of means, and in the employment of overwhelming individual force! The greatness and the personal distinction of Pasteur came over the footlights unflinching for two hours and a half. It seems a great deal to say, but every moment was perfect; not the least note jarred. The long scene with the child who was the first person to be saved by Pasteur's methods from hydrophobia stands out among many very beautiful scenes. It was ravishing. The author had slightly sentimentalized this nevertheless finely written scene; the actor purified it of all sentimentality. And Lucien Guitry is a humorist, too. In the last act (apotheosis) when his disciples were telling him in vague grandiose phrases of the acclamation awaiting him in the great hall, the suspicious tone in which the hater of "the big bow-wow" stopped them with the simple words "Je voudrais savoir exactement ce qui va se passer"—this tone brought the house down by its sardonic and benevolent humor. The evening passed in a crescendo of enthusiasm which was highly creditable to the audience. Personally, in an experience of over thirty years, I can remember no acting equal to Lucien Guitry's Pasteur. I said to one of the most brilliant performers on the London stage—and especially brilliant in a Sacha Guitry rôle:—"What do you think of it?" He said: "I'll tell you what I think of it. I think I've never seen any acting before."

ARNOLD BENNETT.

Letters from Abroad.

SECRET DIPLOMACY AND THE KHILAFAT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—When the war was about to be declared against Turkey, the Government of India issued, on behalf of His Majesty's Government, as also the Governments of France and Russia, a Proclamation, "in order that there may be no misunderstanding on the part of His Majesty's most loyal Muslim subjects." On November 2nd, 1914, they announced to India that the war which they were about to declare against Turkey would involve "no

question of a religious character." And yet to-day, the most essential religious question of the preservation or disintegration of the Khilafat is involved in the Peace that is to be made at the end of that war; and not only have the Holy Places of Islam not been free from attack or molestation, but a mandate has been demanded and taken by Great Britain herself as well as the French in these regions, and they are to this day in Allied and chiefly British occupation and control. Even so late as January 5th, 1918, the Premier gave a pledge to the effect that Turkey would not be deprived of its capital, Constantinople. Yet to-day, it is not the Khalifa that holds Constantinople, but Constantinople, occupied and controlled by the British, that holds the Khalifa.

These pledges may be broken, though not without sure and certain loss of British prestige for honest dealing. But more, Indian allegiance to the British Crown, given to Queen Victoria, was strictly conditional on the recognition of the religious obligations of India's population. The allegiance is based on that pledge, and, when the pledge is broken, the allegiance falls. However Westerners may regard the dismembering of the temporal power of Islam, they may be assured that Mussulmans will not regard it in the same way; and the views of Mussulmans on British honor, to say nothing of their allegiance to their creed, are of some consequence to the integrity of the British Empire.

And yet, such is the British Premier's deference to the wishes of his fellow-subjects that the Khalifa's head is put in Chancery. The Shaikh-ul-Islam is deported to Malta by the very people who protested against the German outrage in connection with Cardinal Mercier during the war, because he cannot prostitute religion at the behest of a non-Muslim Power, and another Shaikh-ul-Islam is set up in his place for the purpose of denouncing every Turkish patriot and Muslim. So little imagination do these people seem to possess, that they think they can convince the Mussulmans of the world of the righteousness of their policy if they use the Khalifa as their cat's-paw; whereas the truth is that every *Firman* of the Khalifa in duress, and every *fatwa* of the Shaikh-ul-Islam forced from them by the Army of Occupation, really British and only nominally Allied, is an added outrage to the Muslim conscience, and is certain to create disaffection against the Allies throughout the East.

The Indian Khilafat Delegation, kept as ignorant as everybody else about the decisions likely to be taken at San Remo, begged for an opportunity to explain to the Supreme Council the obligations imposed by his Faith on every Muslim, and the overwhelming sentiment of the Indian nation with regard to the Khilafat and the Turkish Settlement. And what is the result? Merely this, that we are told the Peace Conference has made it a rule to hear only the accredited Governments of the territories with whose future they are dealing, and that, at the request of the British Government, the Official Delegation of India had already been heard.

But the Turkish Settlement, involving as it does the question of the Khilafat, in the preservation of which the Mussulmans of the world are so vitally interested, does not obviously seem to be a question on which the Peace Conference should hear only the governments of territories with whose future they are dealing. In fact, the concern of the Muslim world for the future of the Khilafat, which is the most essential institution of Islam, transcends in importance the interests of the various governments that are being set up in different parts of the Khilafat territories. A concern that is so vital, and affects so large a portion of humanity, inhabiting several continents, and that arises from a feeling deeper than patriotism, and yet is not territorial in its essence, cannot be ignored by the Peace Conference in arranging a settlement of the world's affairs to which it attaches any degree of finality, and by means of which it hopes to restore once more the sway of Peace over mankind.—Yours, &c.,

MOHAMED ALI.

Letters to the Editor.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO A NEW RELIGION.

SIR,—You have opened your columns to an interesting correspondence on the need of a new religion. Would it not be sufficient to return to the first principles of the religion which most of us profess?

No one would identify true Liberalism with the holding of the Coalition coupon, yet Christianity as a whole is held to be discredited because this world is flooded with spurious imitations which for want of unambiguous and consistent repudiation and from a shortsighted readiness to compromise are allowed to pass for the real thing. Is it Utopian to hope that we nominal Christians may recover something of the pity and irony that underlie the words of the Gospel? We seem to have lost the faculty of laughter, and the bulk of the Pharisees and Patriots of to-day are as deficient in humor and humility as their predecessors of nineteen centuries ago. Fortunately, the spirit of Christianity refuses to be confined within the limits of sectional associations having their basis in social, political, or racial distinctions. If false conceptions of Judaism were destroyed by the activity of a handful of "blaspheming" Jews, false conceptions of Christianity will surely crumble before the activity of emancipated Christians.

"The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." This year, when Empire-day coincides with Whitsuntide, we have had a rare opportunity for taking stock of our political and moral position, and I am asked by the boys whom it is my pleasure and privilege to teach to send you a small contribution which they have made on their own initiative to the Vienna Relief Fund, in token of their belief that Christianity is neither effete nor superannuated, but merely encumbered by the tradition of the elders and sadly impeded by persistent attempts to identify Caesar and God.

England, sir, is full of young persons who are prepared to take their inspiration direct from the Founder of Christianity and its first bishop, and who are willing to show their love of God by an active love of their neighbor, be he Jew or Gentile, Briton or alien. Unless my experience is quite exceptional, pure religion and undefiled is still summed up to most young minds in visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and in trying to keep oneself unspotted from a world whose authors and advocates are found in certain types of pressmen, politicians, profiteers, and even priests. The language of Charity is a universal tongue that needs no interpreter.—Yours &c.,

A. W. TRESSLER.

Charterhouse, Godalming,

SIR,—Why a NEW religion? Our lamentable state is not due to the fact that we want anything new, but that we have persistently refused to apply the OLD. For two thousand years we have compromised. We give lip-service to Christ one day a week and crucify Him the remaining six days. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" is pleasant and soothing when uttered in a devotional atmosphere, but it does not "pay" in the commercial world, so we keep it as a pious aphorism, carefully brought out and dusted on Sundays. We have judged the teachings of Christ by the standard, "how will it pay?" Ask any man to order his life on the one attribute that covers all Christ's teaching—Love, and he will answer that it's not practicable. That means, it won't "pay." Truly our blasphemous compromise has paid, and the 1914-1918 dividends were colossal.

We have not realized the meaning of Christ's teaching. It is perfectly astounding that divinity students have for twenty centuries riddled the four Gospels from top to bottom and failed to perceive that Christ's teaching is so simple, being expressed by the word "Love." There is nothing else. It is the foundation stone from which His edifice rises, and it is the key to all His works and words. If you say that the students have discovered this key, then, I ask, why have they not applied the teaching without equivocation? Is the answer, in their case, because it wouldn't "pay"?

I admit that the logical effect of this love religion would be tremendous. If we would have some idea of the upheaval, read the parable of the woman taken in adultery, and let the fact that there was no condemnation sink into your

minds. No wonder they crucified the preacher, and no wonder the crowd still shout "Not this man, but Barabbas."

Although an absolute believer in Christ as the only hope of the world, I am convinced that as society exists to-day Christianity is impossible. We shall compromise again and again, and the fruits will be wars, social revolutions, famine and pestilences.

A new religion forsooth! What's wrong with Christ?—Yours, &c.,

C. P. H.

THE REPORT OF THE HUNTER COMMITTEE.

SIR,—The long-delayed Report of the Hunter Committee is at last out. It is a white-washing document. There was never any expectation in India that this report would be of a satisfactory character from the Indian point of view. The Committee, in the first place, was appointed by the Government of India, and consequently had no mandate to inquire into the responsibility of that Government, which is clearly one of the chief matters to be investigated. Its constitution, secondly, was unsatisfactory. Instead of an evenly balanced constitution, we have five European members, as against only three Indians, and two of the former represented the civil and military authorities, who are interested parties. Thirdly, the Committee heard only the official evidence, and excluded, by an arbitrary ruling, the mass of non-official testimony that would otherwise have been proffered. And, fourthly, the European members, from the Chairman downwards, created a strong suspicion of bias by the manner in which they tolerated the studied insolence of the military witnesses towards their Indian colleagues. Indians, therefore, have anticipated all along that the Majority Report would fall far short of doing justice to the terrible indictment that even the official evidence constitutes.

It is true that the Majority Report expresses some censure of General Dyer and mildly criticizes some of the excesses committed by other officers. But the censure of General Dyer is wholly inadequate. His own evidence, and the finding of the Majority, solicitous as they appear to be on his behalf, shows him to have been legally guilty of murder. The Report, however, describes his terrible, premeditated crime as a "grave error." And this is the most severe condemnation that they pronounce on anybody or anything.

No words of mine could describe the gravity of the situation in India at this moment, so intensely moved have the people been by the events in the Punjab last year. What will be the result, if adequate justice is not meted out to those responsible for these crimes, I dare not contemplate. The official evidence taken by the Hunter Committee is sufficiently startling. But those who have read the Congress Report dealing, in addition, with a mass of tested non-official evidence, know that the Hunter Report tells only half the story. The other half contains disclosures of such an appalling character that they cannot be ignored. If the British people ignore them, the infamy of them cannot be kept from the other peoples of the world and will never be forgotten in India.

Not the least grave feature of the Report is its failure to recognize the responsibility of Sir Michael O'Dwyer, as well as of the Government of India, for all that took place. Sir Michael O'Dwyer, as head of the province, crowned a long career of oppression by handing over large areas of his province to the mercy of a gang of militarists, himself aiding, abetting, and even instigating them in their work. He expressly approved of Dyer's massacre, he ordered out the aeroplanes which indiscriminately bombed unarmed crowds and peaceful villagers in their fields; he authorized the sending out of the armored trains to turn its machine-guns indiscriminately on inhabitants of villages who there is no evidence to show were doing any wrong. He directed, conferred with and assisted throughout the Johnsons, O'Briens, Dovetons, and Bosworth Smiths. And, above all, was the Government of India turning a deaf ear to all the appeals that came from the people, and eagerly putting in the hands of Sir Michael and his coadjutors the arbitrary, medieval powers by which they were enabled to carry on their cruelty.

Do the British people value the affection of India and desire to keep her in the Empire? This is not an idle question. If the answer is in the affirmative, as I believe it will

be, justice must be rendered in full and Indian sentiment pacified as far as it can humanly be. Lord Chelmsford, by whose weakness and folly all this was possible, must be recalled. O'Dwyer, Dyer and the rest must be punished. The Rowlatt Act must be repealed. Reparation must be made to the sufferers, and the Indian people must be protected for the future by a statutory guarantee of their rights, and the abolition of the powers, now in the hands of the Viceroy, to pass ordinances making people amenable to martial courts for offences, if such they be, of a civil character committed long before the outbreak of disorder.—Yours, &c.,

V. J. PATEL,
Secretary, Indian National Congress;
Member of Supreme Legislative Council.

161-163, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, E.C. 4.

[Mr. Patel's letter was necessarily written in ignorance of Mr. Montagu's unsparing condemnation of General Dyer, his dismissal of that officer, and his censure of the spirit of injustice and inhumanity attending the administration of martial law in the Punjab.—EDITOR, THE NATION.]

WORKERS IN THE PLUMAGE TRADE.

SIR,—I have read with interest the correspondence and articles appearing in THE NATION for the last few weeks in connection with the Plumage Bill, and I have noted that one phase of the question (and to my mind a very important one) has not yet been fully discussed—namely, the unemployment of about 800 to 1,000 skilled workers that might conceivably be the immediate result of the passing of the Bill. I should be interested to know what arrangements have been made by the promoters of the Bill to absorb or train this group of skilled workers.

My inquiry is prompted by the fact that I represent a branch of a Trade Union—The United Garment Workers, which contains amongst its membership at least 700 workers in the trade.—Yours, &c.,

MARIE KERR.

157A, Croydon Road, Anerley, S.E.

[The workers in question would naturally be absorbed in the new and harmless fashions in hats which are already beginning to replace this vile traffic.—ED., NATION.]

THE CONDITION OF VIENNA.

SIR,—The present condition of Vienna, to which you are seeking to call England's attention, fulfils in tragic actuality the lines in which Tennyson imaginatively depicted what he felt about the city when his friend Arthur Hallam died there (*Cf. section xcvi. of "In Memoriam"*):—

"All her splendor seems
No livelier than the wisp that gleams
On Lethe in the eyes of Death.
"A treble darkness, Evil haunts
The birth, the bridal: friend from friend
Is oftener parted: fathers bend
Above more graves, a thousand wants
Gnaw at the heels of men, and prey
By each cold hearth."

If only some living poet, with Kipling's force, but with a finer spirit, would impress the people of this country with the tragic state of Central Europe, England's conscience would insist on something being done to ameliorate the tragedy.—Yours, &c.,

ISAAC EDWARDS.

VIENNA RELIEF FUND.

SIR,—The gold pencil that you forwarded to us a few days ago has been sold to a gentleman, who wishes to remain anonymous, for the sum of £3. This gentleman is particularly interested in the relief work in Vienna, and has purchased it with the idea of keeping it as a memento of the work done for Vienna by this Fund.—Yours, &c.,

H. B. JOHNSON, Hon. Sec.

12, Tokenhouse Yard, London, E.C. 2.
May 26th, 1920.

Amount already acknowledged in THE NATION £ s. d.
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The Modern Side at Charterhouse (per A. W.
Tressler) 2 7 7

Poetry.

THE RETURN OF THE GOLDFINCHES.

WE are much honored by your choice
O golden birds of silver voice,
That in our garden you should find
A pleasaunce to your mind.

The painted pear of all our trees,
The south slope towards the gooseberries
Where all day long the sun is warm—
Combining use with charm.

Did the pink tulips take your eye?
Or Breach's barn secure and high
To guard you from some chance mishap
Of gales through Shoreham gap?

First you were spied a flighting pair
Flashing and fluting here and there,
Until in stealth the nest was made
And graciously you stayed.

Now when I pause beneath your tree
An anxious head peeps down at me,
A crimson jewel in its crown,
I looking up, you down:—

I wonder if my stripey shawl
Seems pleasant in your eyes at all,
I can assure you that your wings
Are most delightful things.

Sweet birds, I pray, be not severe,
Do not deplore our presence here,
We cannot all be goldfinches
In such a world as this.

The shaded lawn, the bordered flowers,
We'll call them yours instead of ours,
The pinks and the Acacia tree
Shall own your sovereignty.

And, if you let us, we will prove
Our lowly and obsequious love,
And when your little grey-pates hatch
We'll help you to keep watch.

No prowling stranger cats shall come
About your high celestial home,
With dangerous sounds we chase them hence
And ask no recompense.

And he, the Ethiop of our house,
Slayer of beetle and of mouse,
Huge, lazy, fond, whom we love well—
Peter shall wear a bell.

Believe me, birds, you need not fear,
No cages or limed twigs are here,
We only ask to live with you
In this green garden, too.

And when in other shining summers
Our place is taken by new-comers,
We'll leave them with the house and hill
The goldfinches' good will.

Your dainty flights, your painted coats,
The silver mist that is your notes,
And all your sweet caressing ways
Shall decorate their days.

And never will the thought of spring
Visit our minds, but a gold wing
Will flash among the green and blue,
And we'll remember you.

SYLVIA LYND.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Epstein." By Bernard van Dieren. With 50 Illustrations. (Lane. 2 guineas.)
 "The Faith of a Quaker." By John W. Graham. (Cambridge University Press. 21s.)
 "Aurelia: and other Poems." By Robert Nichols. (Chatto & Windus. 5s.)
 "Poems." By Iris Tree. (Lane. 6s.)

* * *

WE have been hearing a good deal lately about what is called "the function of criticism," especially the function of criticizing poets, and one of the young poets has been advancing a plea for the pure literary critic, an immaculate, glorified being—*totus teres atque rotundus*—who will criticize poetry in order to create poetry and will treat historical and philosophic criticism, which are the only two other species of critic our poet admits, as irrelevant intrusion. The writer is clever and ingenious and elaborates his theme with much technical plausibility. But what it comes to is yet another reaffirmation of the art for art's sake formula, in the sense that a poet is only fit to be judged by his peers. That capital "A" in art climbs up still higher into the clouds and the sides of the triangle are so desperately smooth that our only hope of ascent depends upon growing adhesive pads to our feet and hands like the Gecko lizard of Indian bungalows. We feel we are incapable of such modification and so, by nature's inexorable law, are doomed to elimination from the life of art. That is what the poets are after. They desire a monopoly of adhesive pads. We are fated to remain earth-plodding mammalia.

* * *

THE young poet is not formulating anything new. He is ratiocinating a process which already exists. Our poets already criticize our poets, loving their friends and hating their foes in the good old Mosaic way. The inference, at any rate, is obvious. If a poet is only fit to be judged by his peers, he is only fit to be read by his peers, and that is precisely what modern art is coming to. I suppose there never was a time in history when the arts had less influence over and friendship with the common run of men on the one hand and with the evolution of mankind in general on the other than exists to-day. The artistic citizenship is not, indeed, a very exacting one, any more than it was very exacting for the citizens of Florence in time of plague to sit on the lawn of a nice garden with high walls round it and listen to tales about the remote world. But there was no admission within those high walls except on business of hearing and telling tales, all the same. Meanwhile, the mad, despairing world of men reels onward into its darkness. The scientists sit in their laboratories (just as the poets sit in their studies reading and judging one another's works) and invent more and more effective methods of intensifying that darkness. True, the analogy must not be carried too far. These scientists are filled with the glory of service, they are only too anxious to present their inventions to the world, for the passions of men to use, as they will use them, unless a miracle happens, and they can learn the art of living. How should the poor things learn it? For those who call and profess themselves artists, who bear the fruit of the tree of life, have not time for life or for men. They are too busy teaching one another the art of art.

* * *

OF late years we have learned that life is one homogeneous whole, that nothing exists except in relation to something else. A sparrow falls and the remotest star is

aware of it; the rivers are muddy and our brains are the richer for it. Thirty thousand years ago there lived in Palæolithic times a great race of men, the Cro Magnon, capable, in the words of Dr. Keith, of "conceiving and appreciating high works of art." That race vanished from the earth, as its contemporary the mammoth vanished, and as it is almost certain that the European races will vanish, quite possibly within the next hundred years. We are the different for that vanishing, though no records exist of how it went or why it went and was supplanted by an inferior race, though no man knew of the very existence of this people until a few years back. Somehow or other, this race failed to achieve the art of living. The meanest invertebrate organism, the highest convoluted brain, all have to learn it or perish. It is when we look at life from this the natural history point of view, that we realize that it is an all-embracing view, a view which Shelley holds no less than Dr. Keith, and that to presume the arts can escape it any more than other phenomena, spiritual or physical, is the last illusion of human thought.

* * *

AN art revolving thus upon its own axis, as our young poet would have it, has no more value or meaning than a waltzing mouse. It simply scurries round and round the tail of its own self-sufficiency. Art is a bundle of correlations and dependencies. It depends upon a man's character and philosophy, upon his capacity to extract the right kind of experience from life, upon his whole attitude to creation, upon, in short, his power of living. The greater the artist, the more connections he sees, until, like the greatest of them all, he absorbs politics, sociology, natural history, morality, and philosophy into his orbit. The lesser the artist, the more separable his art becomes, until it dries away into a sterile specialization, a kind of elaborate game which nobody can play or understand except the players. Such an art is inevitably driven upon endless ingenuities, now this and now that, since, like the rest of us, it cannot altogether escape reality, and so must devise false and feverish images of it. As a modern critic expresses it:—

"Either art is of value to us all, and our own experience of it is of value to us; or art has no value whatever to anyone, but is the meaningless activity of a few oddities who would be better employed in agriculture."

If it is of value to us, he goes on, then it is possible for us to communicate that experience to others, so that they may have a share of the value. Philosophic criticism is based upon this experience of art, on experience that comprehends the inter-relation of life and art, as an integral part of reality. But this critic says nothing worth hearing, because he does not write poems or paint pictures.

* * *

THE young poet who will have nothing but pure literature, as the militarist will have nothing but pure war, and the business man nothing but pure profits, is so ill-advised as to take Coleridge for an example. Coleridge wrote the "Ancient Mariner," which bears the irrelevantly sentimental taint of preaching mercy to animals. That is a bad beginning, but worse is to follow, for if ever there was a philosophic as distinguished from a purely literary critic, it was Coleridge. Coleridge may have seen life a bit unsteadily, but he has gone further than any other critic in a tremendous effort to see it whole. One has only to skim the headings of "Table Talk" to marvel at his many-sidedness of interest and approach, but totality of grasp. Indeed, your true artist has his work cut out. He has to be in three worlds at once, the world of nature, the world of men, and the world beyond all worlds, the world of God, all of which he will strive to comprehend in his art. His process is one of expansion, not contraction, and to fail in the one is better than to succeed in the other. The ultimate success of contraction is to become nothing, and an art based on such formulæ as these will become as extinct as that strange Cro Magnon race, which could conceive and appreciate high works of art, but could not live.

H. J. M.

Reviews.

DICKENS.

THE vitality of the art of Dickens has never been better exemplified than in the fact of his popularity in Russia. But to those of us who have never heard the vast laughter of Russia, because we read Tolstoi and neglect Gogol, this is a surprise. For, with the possible exception of Fielding, Dickens is the most English of all our novelists, and the Englishman with his instinct for the limits of the actual is in many ways the antithesis of the Russian with his lively sense of the infinite variety of the possible. Yet, in a Europe where the hopelessness is even worse than the famine and chaos, the emergence of Dickens in any country must needs be an occasion for rejoicing, and this for reasons far removed from merely literary ones.

For what is the disease of Europe to-day? Is it not that in the clashing fall of one civilization, when the shape of the new structure is as yet but dimly haunting the minds of men, a twofold doubt has arisen to paralyze action, a doubt, on the one hand, of the power of man's brain to conceive a new world, and, on the other, of the power of man's heart to quicken into life that which the mind shall construct? And when we want, above all things, thinkers and lovers, we are given nothing more helpful than the politicians, of whose futilities Dickens himself wrote when he was a Parliamentary reporter: "Night after night I record predictions that never come to pass, professions that are never fulfilled, explanations that are only meant to mystify." In such a moment as this it is the robust lover of the common man who can help us to satisfy, at any rate, one half of our doubt, and that the more serious one, our distrust of the quickening capacity of the heart. Dickens was, it is true, no builder of any new Jerusalem: seeing the evils of society, he conceived them to be excrescences which could be planed away. He had no notion that the foundations were unsound. But in him we find the common man writ large, the common man who moves between the two poles of laughter and tears, whose actual creed is kindness, whose actual "good works" the filling of the hungry with good things. And if we can believe in that man as existent in the people, however deeply buried he may now be under a load of false theories, we can still look forward with a certain confidence to the future. For, after all, the stimulus to creative thought is just the desire of the heart, and out of the people's heart will come the power to translate that thinker's thought into action. At the base of the struggles of Socialism, Communism, Capitalism, which appear as warring theories in the realm of the abstract, it is the heart of humanity that is stirring like a mole to move the foundations of a mountain. And so, although Dickens realized little or nothing of the great contest in the realm of political theory or of scientific fact, he was a master born late in time of the form of popular art that, ever since the dawn of Aryan civilization, has created mythical personalities, bigger than human, yet made of human passions who, by their simple structure, by their size and vigor, produce reflex actions on the smaller men who begot them and who yet imitate them, as a man watching his own movements in a mirror learns to imitate his reflection and even forgets who it was that first created a certain fashion in gesture.

This simplicity is not the fashion of to-day, of course, nor was it the style of Dickens's contemporaries, who counted themselves the more successful in proportion as they approximated to the subtlety and contradiction of the "real" human being. The novelists of the Victorian time applied themselves particularly to the complexity of the social structure, while the typical creative writer of to-day mainly devotes himself to the complexes of a single human being, but what the Victorian said of his researches was "curiouser and curiouser"; and the verdict of the modern is the same. What they both report is "how strange," where Dickens's verdict is "how jolly," jolly because lovable. For just as from the simple archaism of Greek art there emerged the idea of beauty, so that now this is written for ever across our idea of the human body, so from the archaism, the broad simplicity, of Dickens there is built up for us the notion of the loveliness of the human creature. As Mr. Chesterton

has said, Dickens's art is in tone, for all its humor, with that of the epic creators who gave us the man of cunning in Ulysses, the man of war in Hector. Nor, of course, is Dickens the only humorist in this *genre*, for where is laughter deeper than in Pantagruel, or more mordant than in Quixote? But we do not recognize this kinship of Dickens with the epic, first, because he flung off the tradition of aristocratic distance, making his heroic figure at one moment out of a silly old man with a paunch, at another out of a drunken sot, and, second, because he was not as single-hearted as the ancients and often bowed before strange gods, at one time trying an investigation of social conditions, as in "Hard Times," at another turning his hand to mystery stories and emulating Wilkie Collins. His great figures are, however, mountainous, yet, because they are not far off and veiled in mist, but rise at our very doors so that we can trace the contours of their surface, we are puzzled. They seem to us not men as other men are, and yet they are more lifelike in some respects than most men we know. We realize that there may be an archaic smile on the face of Pecksniff, but it is, all the same, a smile of true human quality since Pecksniff is not, as in a mystery play, merely hypocrisy personified: he is a human being, and yet greater than any human being because compounded of human nature's quintessential hypocrisy. Pickwick is not simply a jolly old fool seeking comic adventures, but a being whose genial essence is compounded of every creature's fun and frolic. There never was a Pecksniff or a Pickwick, though nearly every human being carries within him the soul of a Pecksniff like a shrunken bladder that waits for the inspiring breath of circumstance, while most of us, thank Heaven, have in youth, at any rate, enough animal spirits to make us enjoy tumbling out of a wheelbarrow. In these beings we see our powers writ large: we say, not "There, but for the grace of God, go I," but rather, "There, thanks be to the power of nature, go I." Ay, even Pecksniff or the mean rascal, Sampson Brass. These figures are ourselves but grown monstrous, like gigantic gourds, in the quick forcing-house of genius. The strangeness is that we can rejoice in them all, in the rogues and fools as well as in those kindly lovers of their fellows who are usually regarded as the proofs of Dickens's good heart. If, for instance, we were in a sort of mental shipwreck with the dream figures of the Cheerybles or of Pecksniff struggling on a raft, we should probably hesitate as to which had better be sacrificed. For Dickens simply could not, as a general rule, hate any being he had created. And neither can we hate them when he has breathed into his Galateas the breath of his own soul. Sikes is a hateful being, but this is the way he is introduced:—

"The man who growled out these words was a stoutly built fellow—with large swelling calves, the kind of legs which always looked in an unfinished and incomplete state without a set of fetters to garnish them. 'Come in, d'ye hear?' growled this engaging ruffian. A white, shaggy dog, with his face scratched and torn in twenty different places, skulked into the room. 'Why didn't you come in afore?' said the man. 'You're getting too proud to own me afore company, are you?'"

And to the end that robber's dog, nameless always as befits such an elfish being, is present like a gnome from the realms of the Comic Spirit to attach some feeling of comradeship even to Sikes. He is much more successful at his job, too, than is Nancy. Jonas Chuzzlewit is a cur, but he once, like any other man, cut a comic figure as a wooer. The Chuzzlewit selfishness never comes near to searing the heart of a reader as it would have done had Balzac touched it: the lust, the meanness, the callousness of "La Cousine Bette" has no spark of honest laughter in its irony. And, therefore, the air of that house of the Marneffes has the miasma of the plague about it, but the plague is in Balzac's own outlook. Yet the power of laughter is so strange, so baffling even to the good, that nearly every religion leaves it outside on the doorstep of the temple of worship. But Dickens, mighty lover of mankind as he is, who still draws simple people unto him as he did in his own days, shows laughter reigning in the heart of hearts, even of evil. It is, in fact, the talisman of his power, this gift of laughter: the moment he drops it, as in the churchyard broodings of "The Old Curiosity Shop," he is lost in a sea of bathos. Laughter is to Dickens the solvent of all bitterness, for in his sight man is so irresistibly comic that he can never stand on his dignity

with himself. And it is this standing on one's dignity—that is, on one's interior sense that one is not as other men are—that makes Englishmen persecute Irishmen, Czechs starve Austrians, and Poles hate Russians. Laughter, as Dickens understands it, makes it impossible for one man to scorn another, however bad that other may seem. But if this scorn of others, this hot breath of Cain that rises in us at the thought of others, could be lifted from our dark spirits, then the world would be well on the way towards righting itself again. And Signor Nitti's saying that what Europe needs now is to laugh is profounder wisdom than it seems. The power of Dickens for good lies, at any rate, in the fact that his characters, epic as they are in size and simplicity, are instinct with the spirit that finds all men lovable just because all men are—laughable. And these colossal figures—comic, alive, homeric—are a challenge to that spirit of malignancy that now, being let loose in every direction, is making life a hell. Yet this wholesome solvent of laughter, found in pictures as far apart as the pride of the Dedlocks and the vice of a thieves' den, is a personal gift, of course, of Dickens's own nature, an atmospheric sea in which are islanded the creatures of his vision. Taken alone, it would do little more than make it hard to hate creatures so absurd. It would by no means preclude contempt when, for the genial wine of Dickens's own high spirits, there is substituted the acid of our meaner natures. And, as a fact, this excess of jollity turns many of us squeamish.

It is at this point that Dickens's perception of the figure of the Christ comes in to reinforce his personal temper. For the most important fact about any great writer is, not what creed did he profess, but on what assumption did he habitually think and act. And nothing could be more clear and distinct than Dickens's assumption: behind all his characters that are born of the people there is yet another figure, vast and yet undefined, like a huge Brocken shadow among the mountains: it is that of Jesus, and it also is born of the people. It is this Jesus who receives Jo when that waggon, his breath, had grown so hard to draw. For Dickens's Christ is the Jesus of pity, is not far removed from the gentle Jesus, "meek and mild," of the children's hymn. Dickens knows nothing of Jesus the rebel leader of the Nazarenes who rose against the power of Rome, nothing of Thackeray's great captain, nothing of Epstein's austere scorner of human folly, but no one, not even Renan, is more deeply steeped in his own conception of the character of the Christ. This conception is like a mould into which Dickens poured all the inspiration he derived from the spirit of liberty, equality and fraternity from which no post-revolution writer could escape.

Class is, therefore, to Dickens a barrier that spiritually does not exist. It is this freedom that gives to "Bleak House" its peculiar value because in it the many classes of English life are represented by someone to whom class divisions were not walls at all but merely glass panes. Even in the case of that ghastly failure of the class system, the outcast Jo, nobody wishes him ill, not even Inspector Bucket who moves him on. All, where he is concerned, are ridiculously incapable and inefficient, but nobody is malignant. And it is probably true of social evils in this country that they spring not so much from illwill as from stupidity. The "idle rich" in England, at any rate, have no desire at all to be oppressive; they only want to be happy in their own way. English goodwill, heavily tried as it has been again and again, is the biggest national asset we possess, or perhaps we should say that we once possessed. It lives in Dickens, at any rate, like a sort of life-giving ozone. And even in cases where Dickens dealt directly with the evils he wanted to see swept away, as in the law and the penal system, his laughter is almost affectionate towards those who administer the system. He takes joy in the dodges of the attorney or in the taming of convicts, even while he is showing the horrible folly of the law that exists simply to enable attorneys to cheat and hard men to browbeat the helpless. A curious exception to this is his bitterness towards the temperance movement. In the uproarious merriment of his picture of Stiggins at the united temperance meeting Dickens is exactly like a student at a rag of Pussyfoot, half jolly and half vicious. He wrote, of course, many journalistic articles against teetotalism, and half the humor of "Pickwick" would be gone if the cold punch

scenes were omitted. All that Dickens could, or would, see was that wine maketh glad the heart, and in the virtue of geniality he found the happiest road to fellowship. He believed that, if the quickest way out of isolation is through spirits and water, then spirits and water must be all right. And so he created a special type of sour-visaged, drunken hypocrites, the Chadbands, Stigginses, and Pumblechooks, and searched all England to find ridiculous names for them.

M. P. WILLCOCKS.

(To be continued.)

THE NEGLECTED LESSON.

"Germany and the French Revolution." By G. P. GOOCH. (Longmans. 14s. net.)

MR. GOOCH has given us a work on German thought such as has not yet been attempted by the Germans themselves. There are, as is to be seen from Mr. Gooch's footnotes, specialist monographs galore on the attitude of various writers to the French Revolution; but "no panoramic survey of the intellectual ferment has yet been attempted." The reason is not perhaps so much because "a synthetic treatment may appear to the specialist to be premature," as rather, we think, a consequence of that extreme specialization of German intellectual work which is making it increasingly difficult for the German learned world to produce books like the present one. For better or worse, the spacious Hegelian days of German speculative scholarship have departed. The specialist has, with the increasing burden of knowledge, grown more of a specialist; and the wide questions involved in the interrelations of history, literature and philosophy, such as are dealt with here, lie outside his competency. It seems indeed almost incredible that, of the three great political phenomena in the background of the classical period of Germany's literature, Frederick the Great, the French Revolution and Napoleon, not one of these has yet received their adequate treatment in its relations to the thought and imagination of the time.

In this volume Mr. Gooch has accomplished the task for the second of these world-forces; he has "measured the repercussion of the French Revolution on the mind of Germany." He has explored with infinite patience and assiduity the documents and literature of the age, penetrated into dark places where, we are sure, no Englishman has trod before, and registered with an almost bewildering completeness the opinions of Germany on the Revolution. We say advisedly with infinite patience; for such a study by no means allows him who undertakes it to wander pleasantly on the uplands of thought and literature, with a panoramic outlook on every side; he is in danger rather of losing himself in the mazy byways of political memoir-mongers, of obscure correspondents and poets of inferior rank. And his quest is frankly for the most part disappointing, owing to the fact that the Germans did not respond in any very positive way to the stimulus of the Revolution. Their leading minds were easily frightened out of their first sympathies, or they were obstinately obtuse, or indifferent—most frequently, we fear, indifferent. Mr. Gooch has, however, made out a brave case for the German man of letters in his relations to the Revolution—and a word of thanks must be added here for the aid to the English reader's appreciation in the excellent translations of German verse by Miss Dorothy Henkel—but in the case of many of these writers, of the Romantic group, for instance, there is so little to be said that it is hardly worth saying. The relations of Klopstock and his school to the Revolution are excellently presented; and the chapter on Kant seems to us particularly admirable and well-balanced in its judgments; but Treitschke's suggestive and redeeming plea for Wieland as the most politically minded of the greater German poets might have justified an even fuller examination of that writer.

For Goethe, the most universal mind of the age, Mr. Gooch has, we think, claimed too much; his chapter on him is refreshing in its whole-hearted sympathy; but we have the impression that, being debarred from discussing any but one of Goethe's major works, Mr. Gooch has found virtues to which few will be able to subscribe in the minor products bearing the

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impress of the Revolution. Even Mr. Gooch's estimate of "Hermann and Dorothea" errs by excess of eulogy; and it is difficult to endorse his claims that that poem is pre-eminently political in its tendencies. On the other hand, more might have been said, and said more sympathetically, on Schiller's relations, we will not say to the Revolution, for the facts are excellently stated, but to the spirit of which the Revolution itself was a result. The impression one obtains from this chapter is that a work like Schiller's "Letters on the Aesthetic Education of Man" was a kind of futile evasion of the sterner problems of the time, a dallying with artistic emotions, while France was drenched in blood. But is there not a subtler point of view, according to which this very work of Schiller's—heralded, as it was, in earlier days, by the *j'accuse* of "Die Räuber" and "Kabale und Liebe"—might be brought into relation with the Revolution? Schiller, too, was fighting for freedom, fighting in his own way against the powers of darkness, fighting for the emancipation of man; and "aesthetic" in Schiller's mind did not connote quite the same thing as a later generation in Germany as well as many among ourselves understood by it. Might we not be justified in discovering here finer bonds of spiritual kinship than Mr. Gooch has shown us, between the Revolutionaries and the "Sieur Gille, publiciste allemand," whom, by a kind of accident, they singled out for the honor of French citizenship? None of the great Germans of the eighteenth century—paradoxical as it may seem in face of the almost chauvinistic attitude of his countrymen to their most "national" poet—was more Gallic in his literary temperament than Schiller; and his way of grappling with the problems of the time reminds us often of the pioneers of the Revolution in France and of those whose hopes of it ran highest. Viktor Hehn once summed up the eighteenth century by saying that it "pursued in the three chief peoples of Europe a quite different tendency: in England it was industrial, in France emancipatory, in Germany aesthetic." But all three tendencies had this in common—that they constituted a European struggle for liberty. England fought out her freedom in the House of Commons, France at the barricades, and Germany, turning inwards, sought freedom for the mind; and that freedom, not merely an infinitely precious thing in itself, was also an essential complement to the freedom bequeathed to us by the Revolution.

We have laid weight on the literary aspect of Mr. Gooch's book, because it bulks most largely in it. In his later chapters, however, he sums up admirably the effect of the Revolution on the constitutional and political growth of the German States, above all, of Prussia. He would seem to attribute more to the Revolution and less to Napoleon, in the building up of modern Germany, than his predecessors have done; but it has to be borne in mind that in the German mind the Napoleonic era was more intimately associated with the Revolutionary time than the record of history might justify. We sincerely hope that the book will find a German translator; the Germans cannot afford to miss it; and with the mark at its present value, they cannot afford to buy it in English.

A work of this kind must obviously have meant years of preparation; but Mr. Gooch's record of the changing impressions of the French Revolution on the German onlooker has much in it that the Germans would call *zeitgemäss*. Is this attitude, after all, very different from that of modern Europe to the Great Experiment of our own day? "Es gibt," says Nietzsche's Zarathustra, "ein grosses Jahr des Werdens, ein Ungeheuer von grossem Jahre; das muss sich einer Sanduhr gleich immer wieder von Neuem umdrehen, damit er von Neuem ablaufe und auslaufe." Has the time come for the sand-glass to turn itself anew?

THE SECRET OF THE MARNE.

"The March on Paris, 1919." By GENERAL VON KLUCK.
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THERE was a time when the name of von Kluck had an overwhelming significance for us. It was his army which attacked the British force at Mons, met Smith-Dorrien at Le Cateau, and marched across Northern France towards Paris with

apparently irresistible force. His name stood for instant resolution, enormous force ruthlessly applied; and on it hung issues that numbed by their vagueness and vastness. Who can forget the report that found its way into the British press of our army, shattered by one mighty blow of this terrible man, running away with our broken hopes towards Paris? For the majority of people Kluck never outlived this emotional reputation, and he would probably have retained it for ever if he had not sought to prop it up by means of this apology.

The influence of the purely military errors of distinguished generals upon the fate of nations would make an interesting study. Königgrätz was so narrow a victory that Moltke had, at one moment, issued orders for retreat. What would have happened if the 80,000 men stupidly set to watch the Italian frontier had been present on the Austrian side? When we read this intensely interesting account of the German march on Paris the same thought holds us. General von Kluck is careful to tell us what would have happened if the Belgians had manned the Meuse; but he does not feel it strange that his swift descent on Paris was strewn with errors of omission and commission. On August 17th Moltke impressed him with the supreme importance of sweeping away from Antwerp the Belgian Army. His own command was a splendid body of troops under such generals as von Armin, von Quast, von Marwitz, and von Linsingen; but the Belgians eluded him and he tells us of the fact in apparent unconsciousness of the glaring reflection on his own leadership. He intended to envelop the British Army; but when it falls back he reports that he had "forced" it back, without seeing the difference between his intentions and achievement. The German intelligence was lamentable. Von Kluck thought the British were based on Calais and were retiring westward at Le Cateau. He accordingly suggested to von Moltke to turn inwards and sweep the French away from Paris. But on the same evening (28th) Moltke ordered him to march west of the Oise, and to make himself responsible for the right flank of the Armies; to "take steps to prevent any new enemy concentration in its (his army's) zone of operations." On the following day General von Bülow asked for Kluck's co-operation to exploit the success of the "victory" at Guise; and Kluck began his south-easterly turn, at the same time notifying the Chief Command, who later approved the movement. During the night of September 2nd von Moltke accepted Kluck's suggestion and ordered him to assist in driving "the French in a south-easterly direction from Paris. The First Army will follow in echelon behind the Second Army and will be responsible for the flank protection of the Armies."

This was the second time he had been told to protect the flank; but Kluck was a subordinate who must have made his superiors despair. In a few days he was impetuously marching across the Marne, echeloned in front of Bülow, leaving the flank of the Armies to trust to Providence. It was an impossible position. He had been under Bülow's command until his repeated requests procured him his freedom on the evening of the 26th, and thereafter he abused his freedom to disobey the orders of the Supreme Command. Yet he appreciated Maunoury's threat to his flank instantly, and his rapidly changed dispositions were masterly. One corps after another was withdrawn from his left and flung against Maunoury until the latter was almost outflanked in his turn. But at what a price! He left a great gap—it was forty miles in extent at one moment—between his left and Bülow's right flank. Franchet d'Esperey flung in the 18th and 3rd Corps, and the victory of the Marne resulted. Bülow's right flank began to turn upon itself, until at one time it was lying from north to south, and at midday on the 9th Colonel Hentch ordered the retreat. Foch's gallant action at Fère Champenoise was but the parrying of a counter-stroke. Franchet d'Esperey had won the victory of the Marne, and his firmest ally was von Kluck who could not obey orders. At the moment, the forces sent to East Prussia would have made the two armies equal on the Marne, and it is certain that if a few of those divisions flung so wastefully against France's eastern fortresses had been at Bülow's disposal the result would have been very different.

But von Kluck's excuses cannot blind us to the fact that he was at fault; and though he was promptly placed under Bülow's orders again, the latter general had to appeal to

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Moltke to prevent his subordinate from any further excursions beyond the plans of the Supreme Command. If he had been placed in charge of the 3rd Army (von Hausen's), with colleagues on both sides to protect his flanks, the battle of the Sambre might have seen the annihilation of the Fifth French Army. His was the hand to point the spearhead of attack, but not to cover the flank of the Armies. He was hasty, impetuous, uncontrollable. His inaccuracy is almost beyond belief. He states that proclamations of the "Belgian Government inciting the civil population to fire on the enemy" were found in Louvain, and we are inclined to credit this definite statement until we find him stating that the first despatch of Sir John French reports that "Dunkirk, Calais, and Boulogne" were selected as landing places. There is no mention of these ports in the despatch, and the two first-named were not used! In fine, this is a book very similar to Lord French's "1914," unconscious and damning autobiography which cannot be trusted without full confirmation.

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"Growth of the Soil." By KNUT HAMSDUN. (London: Gylendal. 9s. net.)

It must be owned that the anonymous translator of Knut Hamsun's "Markens Grøde" had no easy task. He has wrestled with it manfully, and not without success. But the difficulty which met him on the threshold—the difficulty of the title—has been too much for him. He has rendered it, quite literally, "Growth of the Soil"; it ought surely to have been "The Earth's Increase." I do not know whether the phrase "Markens Grøde" is actually a quotation from the Bible; but *grøde* is the word used in the Norwegian version of Psalm 67, in the line which our translators have rendered "The earth hath yielded her increase."

The chief difficulty of the translation lies, not in the great number of dialect words, but in the fact that Hamsun deliberately adopts throughout a style modelled on the elliptic, short-winded speech of the peasants whose fortunes he relates. He, as it were, babbles along; and such babbling is terribly difficult to reproduce. The translator's tendency is to be literal in total disregard of English idiom. He makes his people talk of "he Isak" and "she Barbro" because the Norwegian peasant has the habit of prefixing the personal pronoun to a proper name. He constantly uses the rendering "What I was going to say" for a phrase which might in most contexts find a simple equivalent in "by-the-bye." He even retains the actual Norwegian word in several cases in which the necessity or advantage is far from apparent. For instance, it is hard to see why the English reader should be brought up against "*Goddag*" when "Good day" stands ready to hand. At other times, he is overtaken by an attack of verbosity, and expands a simple phrase into something quite different and much more cumbersome. For instance, when Inger says of her Uncle Sivert, "He was not so badly off before," the Lapp replies in the original, "Just like you, Inger"—a speech which the translator expands into, "That's true. And like to be the same with you, for all it seems." Again, such a passage as this is a needless stumbling-block to the reader: "He nodded and bit his lips, and muttered that a nephew called up as his namesake—named after Uncle Sivert—should not come to want." This is neither accurate nor English. The true rendering would be: "He nodded and mumbled that a nephew named after him—after Uncle Sivert—should never want."

In another edition, then, the translation ought to be carefully revised; yet it is, as a whole, far from bad. Its uncouthness is by no means uncharacteristic, and the general sense even of difficult passages is often conveyed with some ingenuity. At one point, near the end, the translator is suddenly seized with a fit for squeamishness, and makes Barbro perform some feats with a "flea" which, in view of the gymnastic talents of that insect, are wholly incredible. The mystery is solved when we turn to the original and find that the flea is really a louse.

So much for the translation: what, now, of the novel? It is, like so much of Hamsun's work, powerful and arresting, harsh and unattractive. That he is the first of living Norwegian novelists there can be no doubt; but there are others to whose work one turns, after a course of Hamsun,

with a sigh of relief. In this book he reminds us alternately of two writers who would seem to be far as the poles asunder—of Barrie and of Zola. His peasants are full of the inarticulate, evasive sentimentalities and vanities of the Lowland Scot of the latitude of Thrums, with the "pawky" humor subtracted, and a vein of sly malevolence added. How Barrieish, for example, is Isak's parting from his first-born:—

"Father stands by the glass window, then suddenly he turns round, grasps his son's hand, and says quickly and peevishly: 'Well, good-bye. There's the new horse getting loose,' and he swings out of doors and hurries away. Oh, but he had himself taken care to let the new horse loose a while ago, and Sivert, the rascal, knew it too, as he stood outside watching his father, and smiling to himself. And anyway, the horse was only in the rowens [stubble]."

This "sly simplicity" is a leading trait in all the peasant characters in the book. Their words are few, but almost every word is the condensed outcome of long-drawn, semi-conscious mental processes.

Of Zola we are reminded, not only in occasional crudities (not too repulsive), but in the large symbolism which inspires the whole work. It might be called "Fecundity"—it is one long hymn of praise to the miraculous creative urgency of nature. It tells of the laborious reclaiming of a great waste region—how the none too willing earth, fertilized by the sweat of man, yields increase a thousandfold, and sustains an ever-growing abundance of human and animal life. It does not occur to Hamsun to inquire whether human life, so faintly distinguishable from that of the animals—or even of the vegetables—is a desirable end-in-itself. He seems to be animated by a Rousseauiish contempt for civilization. The copper which is discovered on Isak's land very quickly peters out, and brings no lasting benefit to the district—a fact which is probable enough on the realistic plane, but is evidently meant to be symbolic as well. The man who has taken a leading part in developing the copper-mine at last repents of his work, and says to Isak's son:—

"'Tis not money the country wants, there's more than enough of it already; 'tis men like your father there's not enough of. Ay, turning the means to an end in itself and being proud of it! They're mad, diseased; they don't work, they know nothing of the plough, only of the dice."

This is a trenchant and memorable phrase, but its implications would carry us back to the Stone Age. Metals, as Antonio said, are no doubt "barren" in themselves, but they are none the less potent ministers to fecundity; and men can gamble just as wildly in agricultural as in mineral values. Moreover, there are vegetable as well as mineral poisons. Is it because Hamsun will admit nothing to the disadvantage of the products of the soil that brandy plays no part in his story?

One episode of delightful cynicism (book II., chapter 3) stands out from its surroundings like a medieval fabliau, complete in itself. A man named Axel, felling a tree clumsily, contrives to let it fall on top of him and pin him to the earth. He is not much alarmed, for the place is close to a telegraph-line and he knows that the local inspector, Olsen, is sure to pass that way in a few hours. Olsen does come along, but, having a grudge against Axel, he calmly ignores him and leaves him there to die in a driving snow-storm. At last, however, Axel's housekeeper, a cunning old woman named Oline, arrives on the scene, and, with great difficulty, rescues him. He has no bones broken, but is exhausted and half paralyzed, so that it is a very tedious business to get him home with his belongings. On the way they meet Olsen, who proffers his help. Oline wishes to reject it, so as to keep to herself the whole honor and glory of having saved Axel's life; but he has meanwhile realized that the old woman's claims upon his gratitude will make life a burden to him, so he insists on accepting and making the most of Olsen's assistance, thus halving, as it were, his obligation to Oline. When they reach home he is on much better terms with the man who left him to die than with the woman who saved his life. It is Labiche's "Voyage de M. Perrichon" in concentrated form and with the cynicism accentuated.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"The Bee-Master of Warrilow." By TICKNER EDWARDES. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

MR. EDWARDES, in the "Lore of the Honey-Bee," created something which may become a classic. It is amusing to bee-masters who delight in their bees to see the wrapt look of the bee and literary novice at the mention of Maeterlinck's piece of vanilla caramel, when we have in our own language a work of right craftsmanship; a record of direct observation by an original artist. We wanted more from the same skilled hand that wrote the "Lore of the Honey-Bee." Mr. Edwardes deserves our gratitude for "The Bee-Master of Warrilow," for it is a companion worthy of the other work. It is an old book grown in this edition to three times its original size. We are shown again, by one who knows so many of its mysteries—though not all, perhaps not most—into the strange civilization of the hive. Those who felt, after reading the "Lore of the Honey Bee," an irresistible compulsion to keep an apiary, though they had next to no practical knowledge, may learn from the Warrilow Master's craft some mysteries of the bee-keeper's trade—what should be done in the first days of full spring, when the business of the bees begins in earnest, through the toiling days of the honey flow, and the months of winter. This book has come at the right moment. In February the bees were foraging as if it were summer. The queen was early at her task. There were days in March when the music of the hives swelled to the roar of the days of July. The year is unusually advanced. Now is the time and the happy chance for the "Bee-Master of Warrilow." It is a completely satisfying book.

* * *

"My Campaign in Mesopotamia." By Major-General Sir CHARLES V. F. TOWNSEND. (Thornton Butterworth. 28s.)

APART from the importance of the author's case, this story of the war is worthy of attention for its competent and frank explanation of a campaign as little understood by the public as by those whose business it was to know, understand, and prepare. We expect in war studies to read of official stupidities, but we never have read elsewhere of anything more disastrously defiant of the demands of intelligence. The men, as always, are splendid, but the bunglings of the supermen are eternal. General Townshend told Sir Beauchamp Duff that with 30,000 to 40,000 men he could not only take Baghdad but hold it. "Not one inch shall you go beyond Kut-al-Amara," said Sir Beauchamp, "unless I make you up to 30,000 to 40,000 men." General Townshend took Kut, but "General Nixon decided that I should proceed without reinforcements." General Maude, to carry out the same task, was given 113,000 to 120,000 troops, as against General Townshend's 13,000. The story of the horrors of the siege make us wonder again, common as the tale is, that men can endure so much. The troops were dying on an average of over twenty a day from starvation, and there was nothing possible but surrender if the whole force were not to become a ghastly and useless sacrifice. "Such was the state of the weakness of my troops," says the Commander, "that men fainted on sentry duty and could not work at any fatigue. It was pitiful to see all this . . . much against my will I had to negotiate with Khalil Pasha, knowing that I had not a biscuit up my sleeve to argue with, and knowing that Khalil Pasha knew I was in *extremis* for food. I had to get food at once or all my men would lie down and die." Critics have suggested that these troops should have cut their way out to General Aylmer!

* * *

Freethinkers of the Nineteenth Century." By JANET E. COURTNEY. (Chapman & Hall. 12s. 6d. net.)

MRS. COURTNEY's intention, we are told in the publisher's note, is to trace the development of freethought in the Victorian era as illustrated by the lives of certain selected freethinkers. That intention has not been in any large measure fulfilled, since she has made no attempt, in either the selection of the examples or the treatment, to trace the development of liberal thought. The thinkers are, appropriately, seven in number; their names are in juxtaposition

surprising: Matthew Arnold and Bradlaugh, Huxley and Leslie Stephen, Harriet Martineau, Frederick Maurice, Charles Kingsley. The inclusion of Kingsley in any list of freethinkers seems queer. During a good many years from 1848, of course, he did fine service to the cause of religious and social progress; but it would be hard to name another Victorian outside the ranks of the rigidly orthodox whose mind was further from freethought. The inclusion of Maurice is hardly less curious. Except for Carlyle and Newman, there is no greater tragedy among the Victorian intellectuals than he. The others, of course, are rightly there. But Mrs. Courtney has done much less than justice to a fascinating group of subjects. She has been content, as a rule, to summarize the biographical facts, which are fairly familiar, without essaying fresh interpretation. Her list of books consulted shows no adventure. When she does venture beyond the plain path of narrative she is not very happy or illuminative. It is, for example, absurd to call Arnold the father of modern English literary criticism. Nor is it accurate to call him, as many before Mrs. Courtney have done, the English Sainte-Beuve. The contrast between the frugal output of Matthew Arnold, with his incessant repetition of a few leading ideas, and the arduous, regular creation of the French critic, is alone sufficient to illustrate the inappropriateness of the parallel. Mrs. Courtney says that Paine, like Richard Carlile, was proud to call himself an infidel and atheist. Paine was a convinced theist, and was proud to avow himself a believer. Many a wayfarer among the Victorians feels that Mr. Lytton Strachey has touched only the fringe of a hundred enticing themes. Mrs. Courtney had the opportunity of covering seven of the best. But though she has made a volume that will be read by many with interest, she has left the field clear.

* * *

"A Quaker Singer's Recollections." By DAVID BISPHAM. (Macmillan. 21s.)

AN unpretentious story of a pleasantly eventful life. All through his career Mr. Bispham has rubbed shoulders with celebrities—musicians, writers, painters, royalty. We get some interesting introductions. We meet Walt Whitman, in his old age, "in his shapeless shoes and light tweed suit of no cut at all, several buttons of his waistcoat open, and what was apparently his nightshirt, with its collar hanging loose over that of his coat, likewise open at the neck and showing his grey and hairy breast. Crowning a superb and rather massive Homeric-looking head was a broad, light felt slouch hat. Thus Whitman proceeded in serene indifference to the attention of passers-by." We share Mr. Bispham's regret that Browning, to whom he sang one of Mrs. Browning's sonnets, did not live up to his poetry in his appearance: "This very usual-looking gentleman gave no hint of the genius within him." We share Mr. Bispham's pleasure at the compliment paid to him and his company by Frau Wagner after a performance of "Lohengrin," that for the first time in her life she had heard her husband's music rendered "from a melodious standpoint." There are meetings in this book with Meredith, Henry James, Wilde, George Moore, and many more. Mr. Bispham is always benign. Even Mr. Shaw is referred to with kindness.

* * *

"From Persian Uplands." By F. HALL. Constable. 10s. 6d.)

WE have here a good picture of a country with "a wondrous past" and a doubtful future. Mr. Hall can describe his impressions with a grace and dignity of phrasing which set a distinction upon his work lacking in the ruck of war and travel books. Whatever he describes comes quickly to the reader's vision, whether it be a great plain under a sky magical with sunset tints, with a crystal half-moon "floating like an iceberg in a sea of turquoise blue," the girls of Birjand who make play with their veils, and other women of a depressing kind in their "ugly black-blue or white cotton overalls," German mischief-makers popping up in Persia in 1915, and being defeated by honest British diplomacy, the whirling figures of a giddy native dance, the naked hills, the scanty pastures, or the sterile stretches of the Persian plateau. It is hard to know whether to call this a war book or a peace book, but it is certainly a book of note. There is in it both poetry and humor.

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And if the Young men are daring or desperate enough to compete with the "old-established firms" under a terrific handicap, and with a colossal discount on their returns, what will become of the money?

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The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

THE financial community dispersing for the Whitsuntide holiday left a world of business in which the prevailing atmosphere was uncertainty and uneasiness. It reassembled with the unanimous hope that present doubts and fears about important matters of financial policy may be resolved as speedily as possible by clear official statements. It looks, however, as if the pall cast over Stock Exchange markets by the uncertainties of the moment will not be lifted just yet; and nothing kills business as much as uncertainty. Not until the Chancellor has given his decision whether or not he will introduce legislation to impose a War Wealth Levy can any sustained improvement in investment markets be looked for. City men, too, in many quarters are anxious lest credit deflation be pressed with dangerous haste. Sensational tumbblings of prices in certain wholesale commodity markets suggest to some minds that we are on the verge of a general collapse and lean business times, though any such deductions from present happenings would seem to be premature. Individual stock markets are depressed by special causes. To take only two examples, shipping shares are sadly disturbed by fears—much written up—of a freight rate slump, and rubber shares, especially the young companies, cannot hope for much recovery from their present low levels until it is seen what concessions for hard cases under the Excess Profits Duty may possibly be wrung from the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Committee stage debates on the Finance Bill in the House of Commons. Possibly the most promising of the miscellaneous stock markets is that for nitrate shares.

There are compensations in the present unpromising Stock Exchange position. There is reason to believe that the liquidation forced upon those who were caught in a difficult position by the cessation of the speculative fever earlier in the year has passed its climax. In many markets, where the slump in quotations has been most pronounced, the shares thrown upon the markets have been gradually absorbed by stronger holders, and the general position in this respect is working round to soundness. Shrewd market observers are of the opinion that it would take very little to initiate a general buying movement. But the times are such in the City that the investor should still take caution as his watchword, and choose his investments where he can assure himself of wide security and sound intrinsic worth. In contrast to the stock markets, the exchanges have been the subject of very heavy speculation and wild movements. The sound investor will not touch this type of operation.

THREE COUNTY HOUSING ISSUE.

The joint issue of £5,000,000 of Housing Bonds by the three counties of Essex, Kent, and Middlesex, of which I spoke last week, is now before the public. Of the total sum asked for Middlesex requires £2,000,000 and the other two counties £1,500,000 each. The Bonds carry 6 per cent. interest and are issued at the price of £95 10s. per £100 Bond. They may be bought in multiples of £50, and each section is secured on the funds and revenue of the county in question. Allowing for redemption in 1960—the last possible redemption date—the Bonds offer a return of £6 6s. per cent. I explained recently on this page the reasons which make it difficult for individual Local Authorities all up and down the country to make Housing Bond issues which would be attractive to the investor. These three counties have shown that the way to get over those difficulties is to combine. The issue is proving successful, and it is to be hoped that its lesson in co-operation will be widely followed throughout the country. Natives of Essex, Kent, and Middlesex should support the issue, both because the money is urgently needed for an essential purpose and also because the security offered is thoroughly sound. The support that has been forthcoming for London County Council Bonds since their quotation on the Stock Exchange—following on the unfortunate reception of the issue when it was made in the very week of the Bank rate advance—augurs well for the success of borrowing operations of this type, when judiciously conducted.

INSURANCE SHARES.

In the Supplement published with this issue of THE NATION will be found articles dealing with insurance com-

panies' achievement and the insurance outlook. The outstanding fact in the insurance world is that the great companies have weathered the storm of war with wonderful success, and have emerged from the first year of readjustment to peace conditions in a stronger position, generally speaking, than they have ever enjoyed before. Life assurance, moreover, is increasing in popularity by leaps and bounds. The recent shower of reports has told an almost continuous story of improved positions and great volumes of new business, though, of course, costs are abnormally heavy. Below will be found a table showing quotations for a number of leading insurance shares, now and at the end of 1918, together with dividends, yields, and other information:—

Name of Company.	Amount of Share.	Paid Up.	Dividend for 1919.	Price of 1913.	Price End of 1920.	Price May 27, 1920.	Present Yield.
Alliance	20	21-5	14/- ps.	10½	11	6 7 0	
Clerical Medical	25	2½	19/- ps.	19½	22	4 6 6(d)	
Commercial Union	5	2½	18/6 ps.	48½(k)	27	3 8 6(d)	
Commercial Union 4½							
"Ocean" Debs. red.							
Jan. 1, 1930	100	4	80	82	6 18 0		
Eagle Star & British							
Dominions	3	3	30	16	5 12 6(d)		
Employers' Liability	1	1	100(a)	28(b)	4½	(d)	
Guardian Assurance	3	½	6/- ps.	5½	6½	4 15 0	
Law Union 4½ Deb.							
red. 1942	100	4	71	68	6 16 6		
London & Lancashire							
Fire	25	2½	100	45	52x	4 16 0	
London & Scottish	5	1	20	3½	4	5 0 0	
North British and							
Mercantile	25	6½	47/6 ps.	38½	45½x	5 4 0	
Northern Assurance	10	1	80	10½	14½x	5 10 3	
Norwich Union 4½							
Deb., 1937	100	4	80	79	6 4 0		
Phoenix	10	1	60	10 1-16	9½	6 6 0	
Royal Exchange	100	16	302½	380	4 4 0		
Royal	5	1½	30	37(e)	18½	5 2 6	
Sea Insurance	1	1	13½	23½(l)	4½	3 1 0	
State Assurance	8	1	30	5 11-16	6½	4 10 9	
Sun Insurance	10	2	18/- ps.	14	14½	6 4 0	
Sun Life	10	10	7/6 ps.	18½	15	5 0 0(d)	
Yorkshire Insurance	5	½	7/- ps.	9½	9½x	3 14 0(d)	

(a) On Old Capital. (b) £10 Shares with £2 paid up. (c) Dividend paid free of income tax. (d) £10 shares with £1½ paid up. (e) £10 shares with £1 paid up. (l), £10 fully paid shares.

The table needs careful reading, owing to share splittings that have taken place, and it should be noted that some of the dividends are paid free of income-tax, though there is no absolute guarantee that this policy will never be departed from by the companies that follow it. The small investor will not care for a share with a large liability, but, even for those who follow this rule, the list provides some field for sound investment choice.

THE RUBBER OUTLOOK.

It has been mentioned above that the rubber share market is looking anxiously for Excess Profits Duty concessions. When this duty was first introduced the glaring unfairness of its incidence, as between the old-established company earning good dividends before the war and the comparatively young company whose outlay on plantation was just beginning to bring a long-awaited return on capital, was recognized by the Chancellor of the day. Something, at any rate, was done towards alleviating the hardship of the latter class. Now that the rate of the duty has been put up again, it is quite possible that the voice of the young rubber producer may be sympathetically heard. In the main, Mr. Chamberlain will doubtless insist upon maintaining the water-tight nature of the tax. But his speeches on the subject, since the introduction of the Budget, suggest that he by no means rules out concessions where hard cases are proved. Any considerable concession would probably be the sign for a recovery in shares of this type. Apropos of the rubber share market generally, it would also seem that too much notice had been taken of the recent drop in the price of the raw material. It should be remembered that companies have been making large forward contracts at much higher prices.

L. J. R.

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BRITISH BANK OF NORTHERN COMMERCE.

PRESIDING at the eighth annual meeting of the British Bank of Northern Commerce, Limited, on the 25th inst., Mr. H. Bendixson said they were again in the position to place before the shareholders a satisfactory balance-sheet. If their hopes, based on the result of peace, had been to some extent disappointed, they had shared that disappointment with many others. Unfortunately it had proved impossible to get back fairly quickly to something like pre-war conditions. Neutral countries, including Scandinavia, in which they were specially interested, had been affected by the war to an extent only exceeded by those of the belligerents. There was no doubt that there had been an increase of capital in those countries. On the other hand, the loss of the Russian and Central European markets had proved a heavy blow, and labor unrest had taken a very acute form. The cost of living had advanced more than in this country, and taxation weighed heavily on all enterprises. The Scandinavian exchanges told the same tale, for, while the Swedish exchange alone had kept its value relative to the £1, the Norwegian exchange showed a depreciation of over 10 per cent., and Danish exchange of nearly 20 per cent. As to the future, all that could be said with certainty was that the economic and political soundness and stability of the Scandinavian countries were such as to make it very improbable that there would be further serious depreciation. They must not forget that their future prosperity, both here and in Scandinavia, was bound up with decent, orderly, and prosperous conditions in East and Central Europe. The greatest need of the moment was to get the people to work again.

The report was adopted.

PRIVATE SOCIAL TOURS.

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A Course of three Advanced Lectures (in English) on "Three Stages in the History of French Socialism," by M. Elie Halevy, Professor at l'Ecole libre des Sciences politiques, Paris, at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Clare Market, W.C., at 8 p.m., on Mondays, May 31st, June 7th and 14th. Chairman: Sir William Beveridge, K.C.B.

A Course of three Advanced Lectures (in English) on "French Attempts at Blank Verse," by Professor A. Koszul, of the University of Strasbourg, at University College, Gower Street, W.C., at 5 p.m., on May 31st, June 3rd and 4th. Chairman: The Rt. Hon. Viscount Burnham, J.P.

A Course of four Advanced Lectures on "The Literary Indebtedness of America to England," by Professor William B. Cairns, of the University of Wisconsin, at King's College, Strand, W.C., at 5.30 p.m., on June 1st, 3rd, 8th and 10th. Chairman: Prof. Sir Israel Gollancz, Litt.D.

A Course of four Advanced Lectures on "Divers Modes de Dynamisme des Eruptions Volcaniques. Phénomènes de Latérisation," by Monsieur A. Lacroix (Membre de l'Institut de France et Professeur de Minéralogie au Muséum National d'Histoire, Naturelle, Paris), at the Imperial College-Royal School of Mines, Prince Consort Road, South Kensington, S.W., at 5 p.m., on June 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th. Chairman: Sir Jethro Teall, F.R.S. This Course will be delivered in French with lantern illustrations.

Admission is free to all the Lectures, which are addressed to Advanced Students of the University, and others interested in the various subjects. Syllabuses obtainable on application.

P. J. HARTOG, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

The following Public Lectures have been arranged:—

1. An Advanced Lecture on "The 'Renal Portal' System and its Significance," by Prof. W. N. F. Woodland, D.Sc., F.Z.S., Allahabad, at University College, Gower Street, W.C.1, at 5 p.m., on Monday, May 31st.

2. A Course of two Advanced Lectures on "Evolution in Ostriches," by Dr. J. E. Duerden, of South Africa, at King's College, Strand, W.C.2, at 5 p.m., on Thursdays, June 3rd and 10th.

3. A Course of two Advanced Lectures on "The Evolution of Insects, especially as illustrated by Australian Fossils," by Dr. R. J. Tillyard, M.A., F.L.S., Director of the Cawthron Institute, New Zealand, at the Imperial College of Science and Technology, South Kensington, at 5 p.m., on June 14th and 17th.

Admission is free to all the Lectures, which are addressed to Advanced Students of the University, and others interested in the various subjects.

P. J. HARTOG, Academic Registrar.

CHRISTIANITY FROM THE QUAKER STANDPOINT.

—Public addresses will be given on Sunday evenings in May, at Devonshire House, 136, Bishopsgate, E.C., at 6.30. May 30th. "The Kingdom of God as the Christian Ideal," by Edward Grubb, M.A.

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OXFORD.—A Summer School on "Aspects of Contemporary Theology" will be held at Oxford, July 26th to August 6th, embracing about 40 Lectures and Classes on the Philosophy of Religion, Biblical Study, Comparative Religion, Sociology, Science, &c. The Lecturers will include Profs. G. A. Cooke, P. Gardner, F. Soddy, Principals Selbie and Jacks, Profs. L. D. Barnett, C. H. Herford, J. H. Muirhead, A. W. Peake, A. Seth Pringle-Pattison, J. A. Thomson, V. Amundsen (Copenhagen), B. W. Bacon (Yale), Paul Sabatier (Strasbourg). Fee £1.—For tickets and other information apply to Mr. Basil Blackwell, M.A., 50, Broad-street, Oxford.

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